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KIDS OF MANY COLORS

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1087



By
**GRACE
DUFFIE
BOYLAN**
and
**IKE
MORGAN**



**HURST
and COMPANY**
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All our little boys and girls wonder how
't would be
If they lived in other lands, across some
distant sea;
And over there, in ev'ry land, the children
say: "O dear!
How do the children look and play around
the world from here?"
And as we beckon eastward, and call them
from the west,
And shout: "Hello! come over! Our
playground is the best!"
The little northern children come skating
on their skees;
Up troop the merry youngsters from
southern lands and seas;
The kids of many colors, hair straight
and kinked and curled,
Are just the little people that make the
little world.





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CHINA



Around the world in China land,
They have the queerest ways:
They go to bed when we wake up;
Our nights are all their days.
They write a letter up and down,
Instead of left and right;
And put their hats on in the house
When they are most polite.



A Chinese man will shake his hand,
Instead of shaking yours:
He'll play at shuttlecock, but use
His feet for battledores.

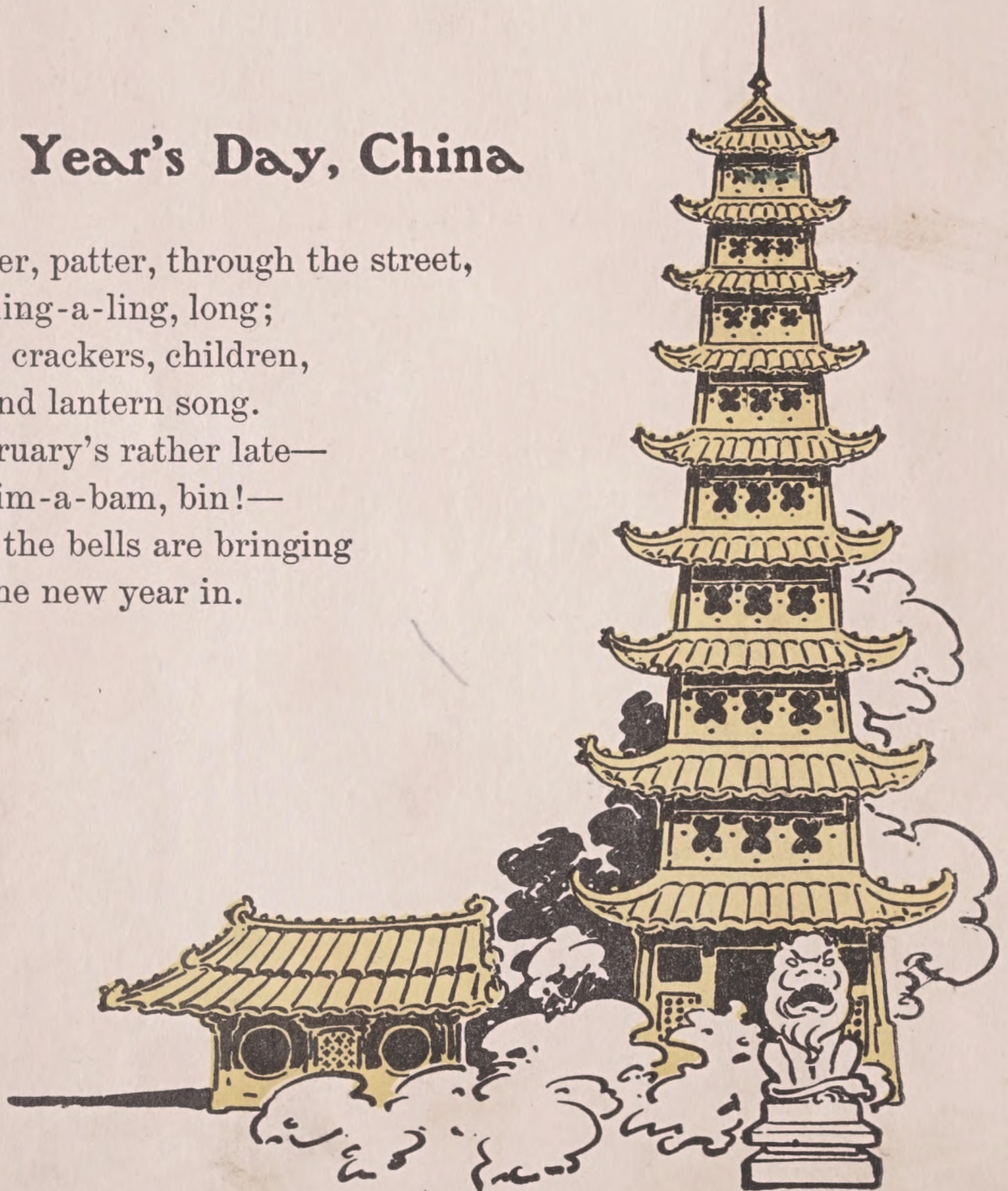
The little boys who go to school,
Their lessons loudly sing;
This little one who ran away
To take his lunch, is Ming.






New Year's Day, China

Pitter, patter, through the street,
Cling-a-ling, long;
Fire crackers, children,
And lantern song.
February's rather late—
Bim-a-bam, bin!—
But the bells are bringing
The new year in.





A cartoon illustration of a young Chinese boy standing on a wooden pier or boat. He is wearing a white short-sleeved shirt, dark shorts, and a white headscarf. He is holding a long fishing pole with a net at the end, which is submerged in the water. A small fish is visible in the water near the net.

The Fishing Bird

This small Sam Sid is a Chinese kid,
Who owns a cormorant;
A handy bird, as of course you've heard,
A pet a boy should want.

Sid likes a dish of Chinese fish,
But does not sit all day,
With hook and line, and tell what a fine
Big fellow got away!

He sends the bird, and, upon my word,
He plunges in his beak,
And takes the prize that's before his eyes,
Ere you'd have time to speak!

You'd think he'd eat of the tempting
meat
Beside the waters' rim.
But if he tried, when his neck was tied,
The joke would be on him!





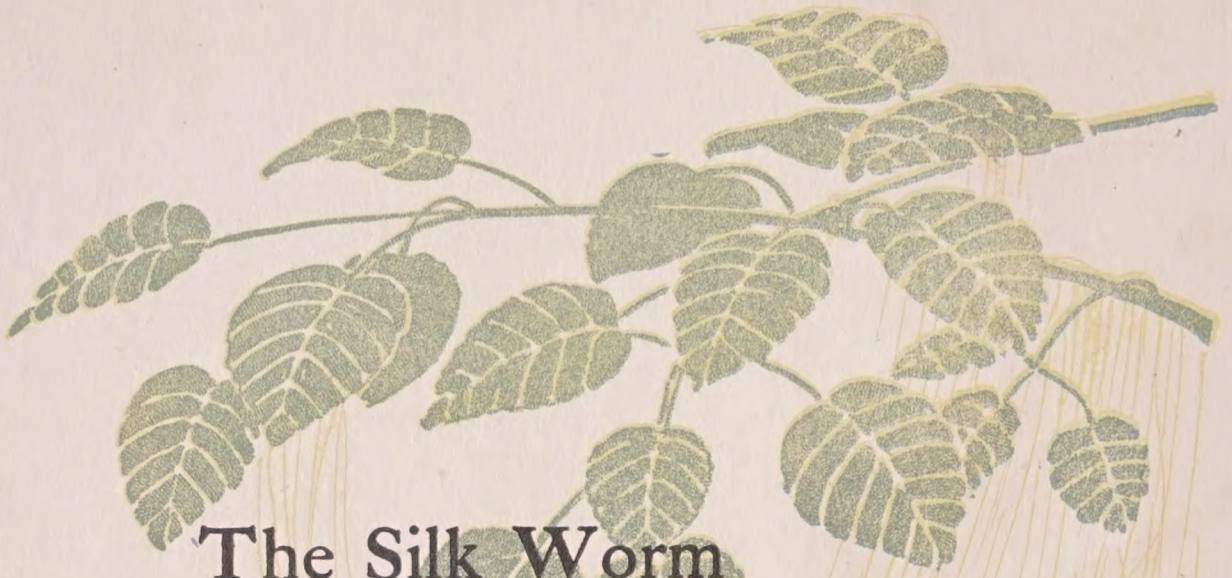
A Game of Ball

A little Yankee boy played ball one day,
And flung the sun away, away.
A little yellow boy laughed hard at that
And caught the sun in his rice straw hat.
Then one went to sleep, for it was night,
And one jumped up in the morning light.

The little yellow boy caught up the sun,
And tossed it to the clouds in fun.
With tiny painted bowl, with chop sticks nice,
He then sat down to his breakfast rice.
He played all day 'till he heard a call :
“Hello! China boy, throw back that ball!”

The little Yankee boy held out his hands,
The sun whirled back through darkened lands.
“Hello!” said the boy as he caught the sphere,
“I’ve got you now and I’ll keep you here.”
But he struck too hard and after all,
The sun dropped down on the Chinese wall.





The Silk Worm

In his hammock of silk the little cocoon
Swings on the mulberry tree.
The threads are as fine as the beams of the moon
That he's spinning for you and for me.
A bite of the leaf and a drink of the dew,
Is all that he takes for his luncheon at noon;
He works for the world and he never gets through,
A right busy chap is the Chinese cocoon.





Chinese Lullaby

O little moon child, slumber and
sleep,
Thy sisters, the stars, are nest-
ling deep
In the soft breast of night.
I'll cool thy cheek on my bos-
om's snow,
I'll hold thy feet so they cannot
grow,
O baby, my heart's delight.

O little moon child with narrow
eyes,
I saw where the sun this morn
did rise
Out of the eastern sea.
He called the birds and they
woke to sing,
He told the lily her bells to ring,
But he came to kiss but thee.

PIGMIES



Swinging on the grapevine in the forest
deep,
Black and shining baby thinks he'll go to
sleep.

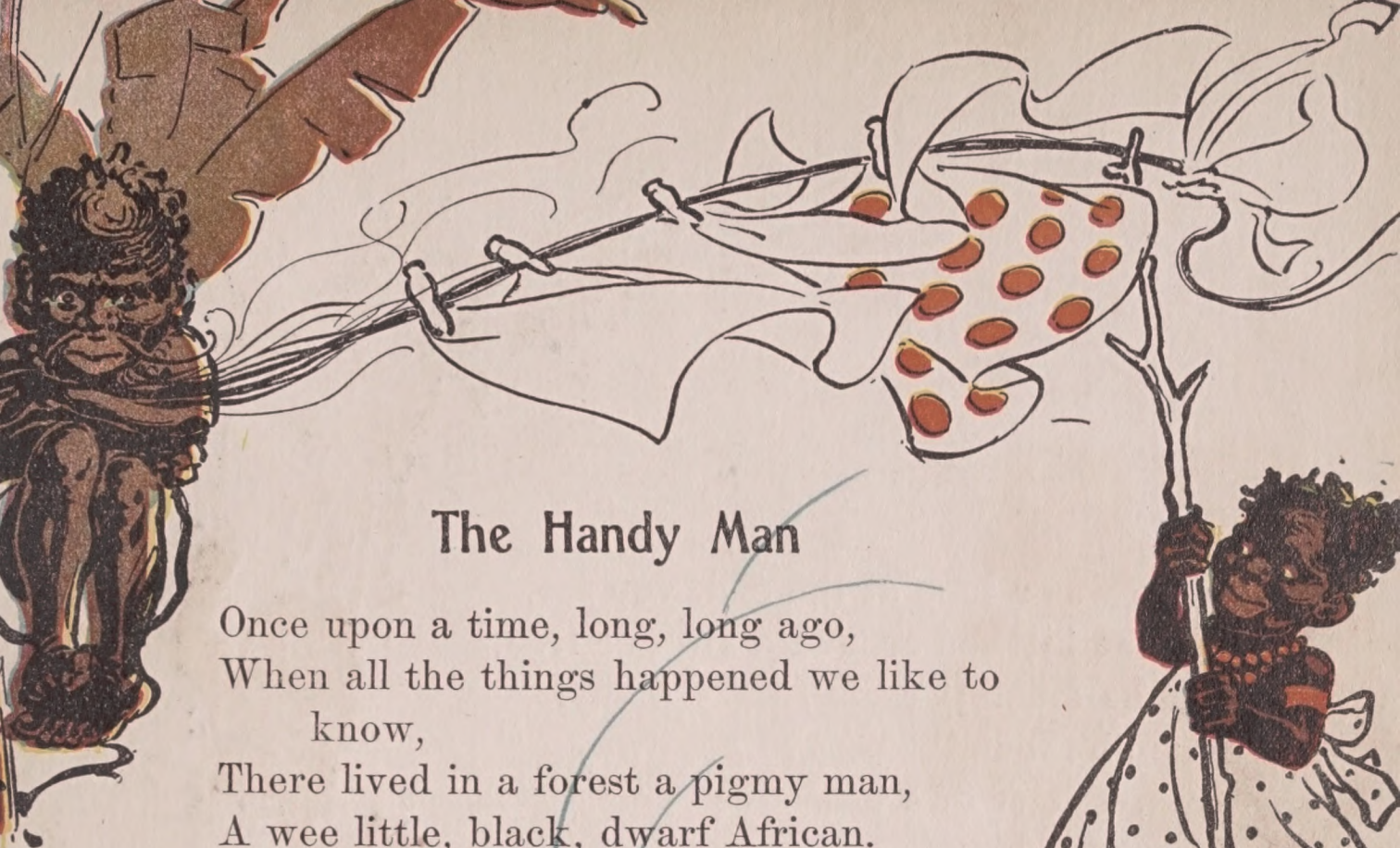
"That's a funny cradle," said an ape, in
play;

"Very like the fashion that was in my
day."

Little Pigmy baby sitting on a limb,
Naughty little monkey looking down on
him.

"What makes you so little?" said the
ape so wise.

"I don't know," said Pigmy; "guess it's
just my size."

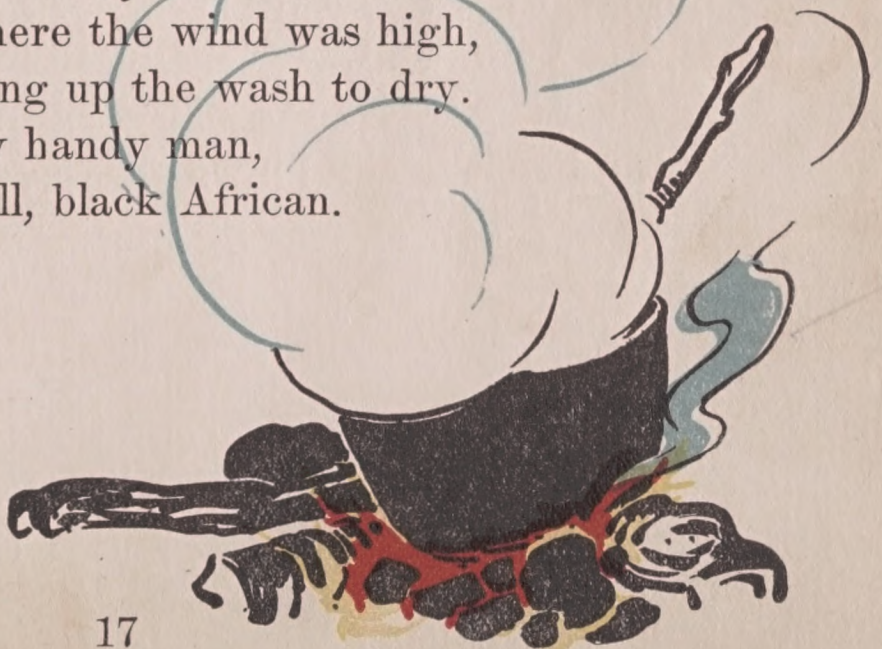


The Handy Man

Once upon a time, long, long ago,
When all the things happened we like to
know,

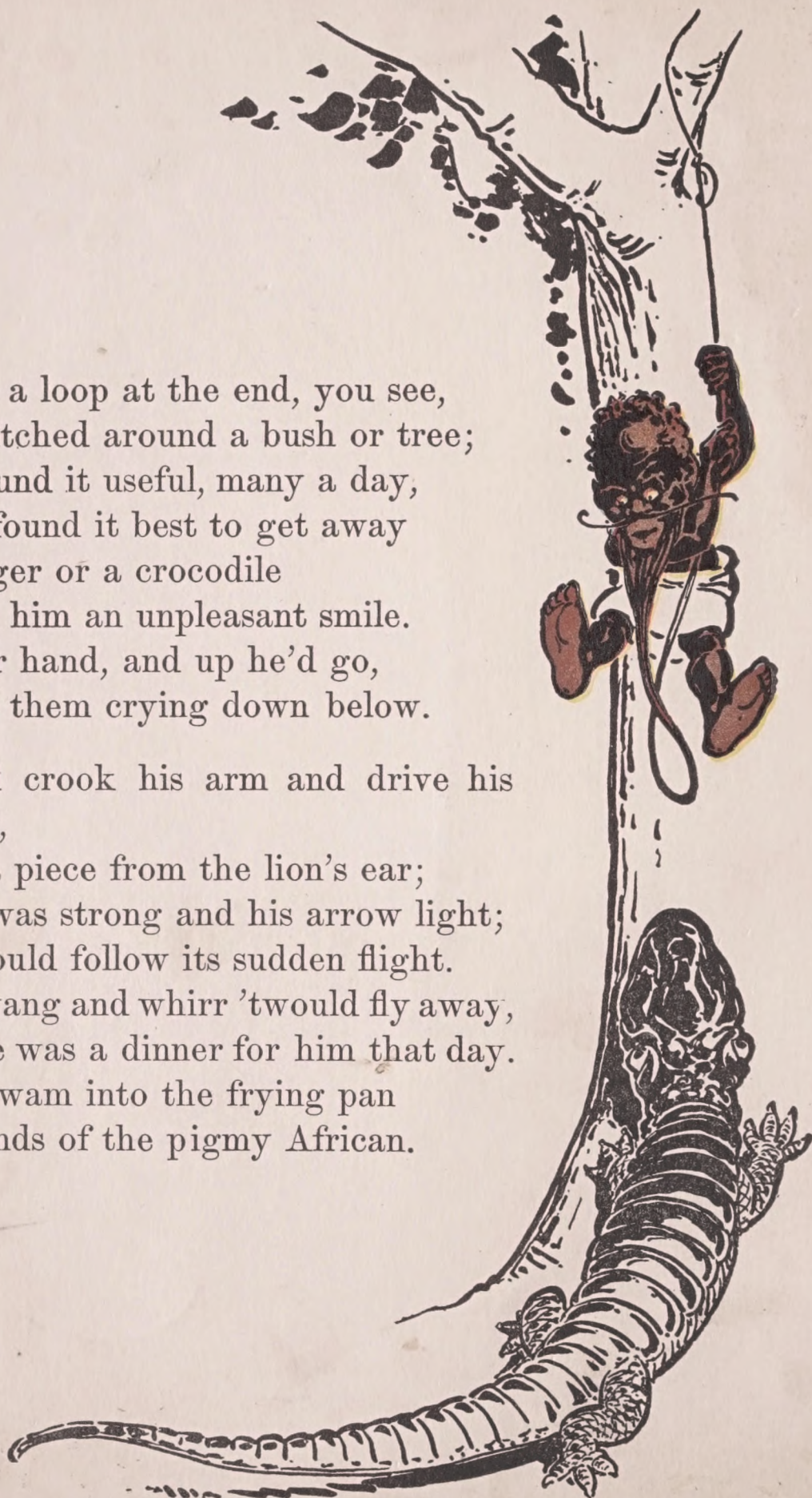
There lived in a forest a pigmy man,
A wee little, black, dwarf African.
He was three feet tall, and so very strong
He'd pick up his house and trot along.
And all the animals quaked in fear
When e'er the terrible man was near.

His whiskers grew so long and so fine,
He twined them tight, and he made a line;
And stark and still as a post of wood,
Each week on a Monday morn he stood
Up on a bank, where the wind was high,
While his wife hung up the wash to dry.
Oh, he was a very handy man,
That three feet tall, black African.



There was a loop at the end, you see,
That he hitched around a bush or tree;
And he found it useful, many a day,
When he found it best to get away
From a tiger or a crocodile
That gave him an unpleasant smile.
Hand over hand, and up he'd go,
And leave them crying down below.

He would crook his arm and drive his
spear,
And nip a piece from the lion's ear;
His bow was strong and his arrow light;
No eye could follow its sudden flight.
With a twang and whirr 'twould fly away,
And there was a dinner for him that day.
The fish swam into the frying pan
In the hands of the pigmy African.





LAPLAND

Did you ever see a pulka?

'Tis a little Lapland sled,

And a swift and merry reindeer

Prances on ahead.

If you should try to drive him

I haven't any doubt

He'd dash across the mountain

And you'd fall out.

If you ever see a pulka,

You'll find a boy within

In a coat he calls a kapta,

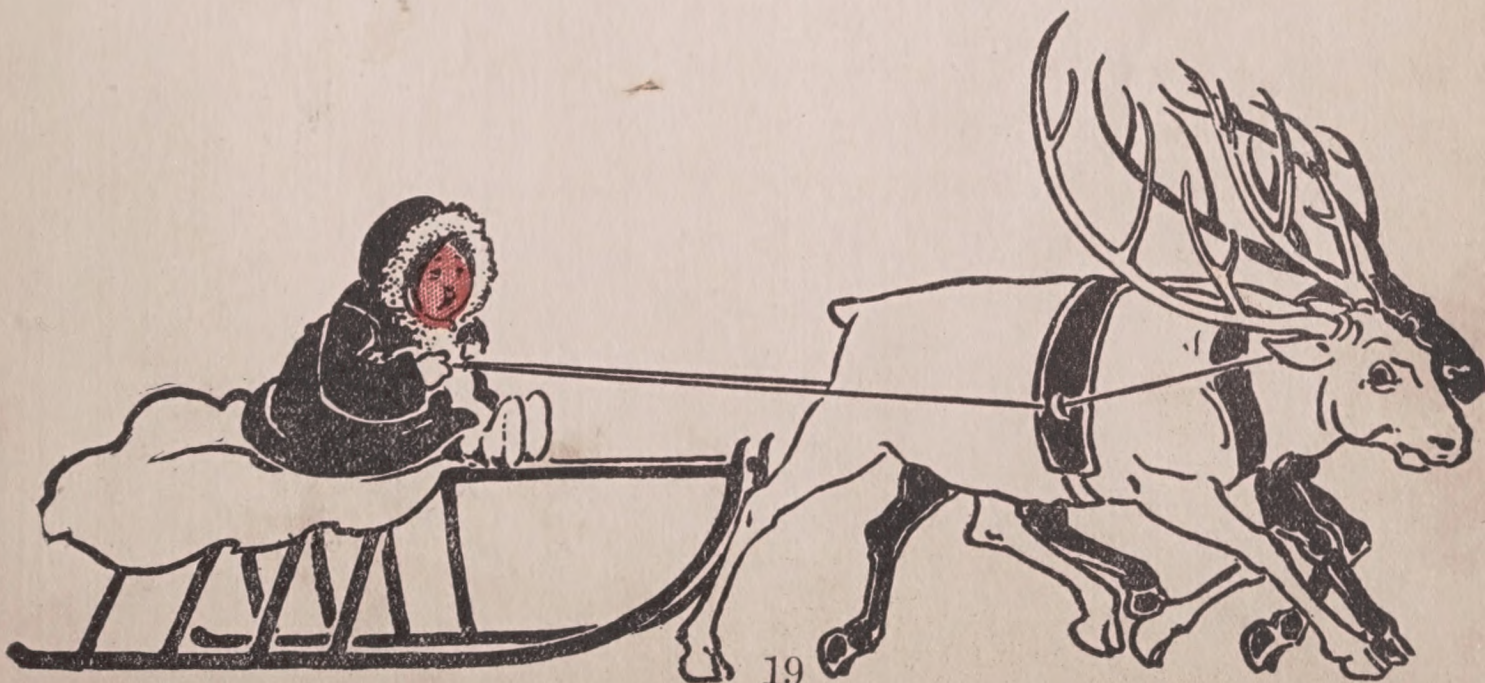
Made of reindeer skin.

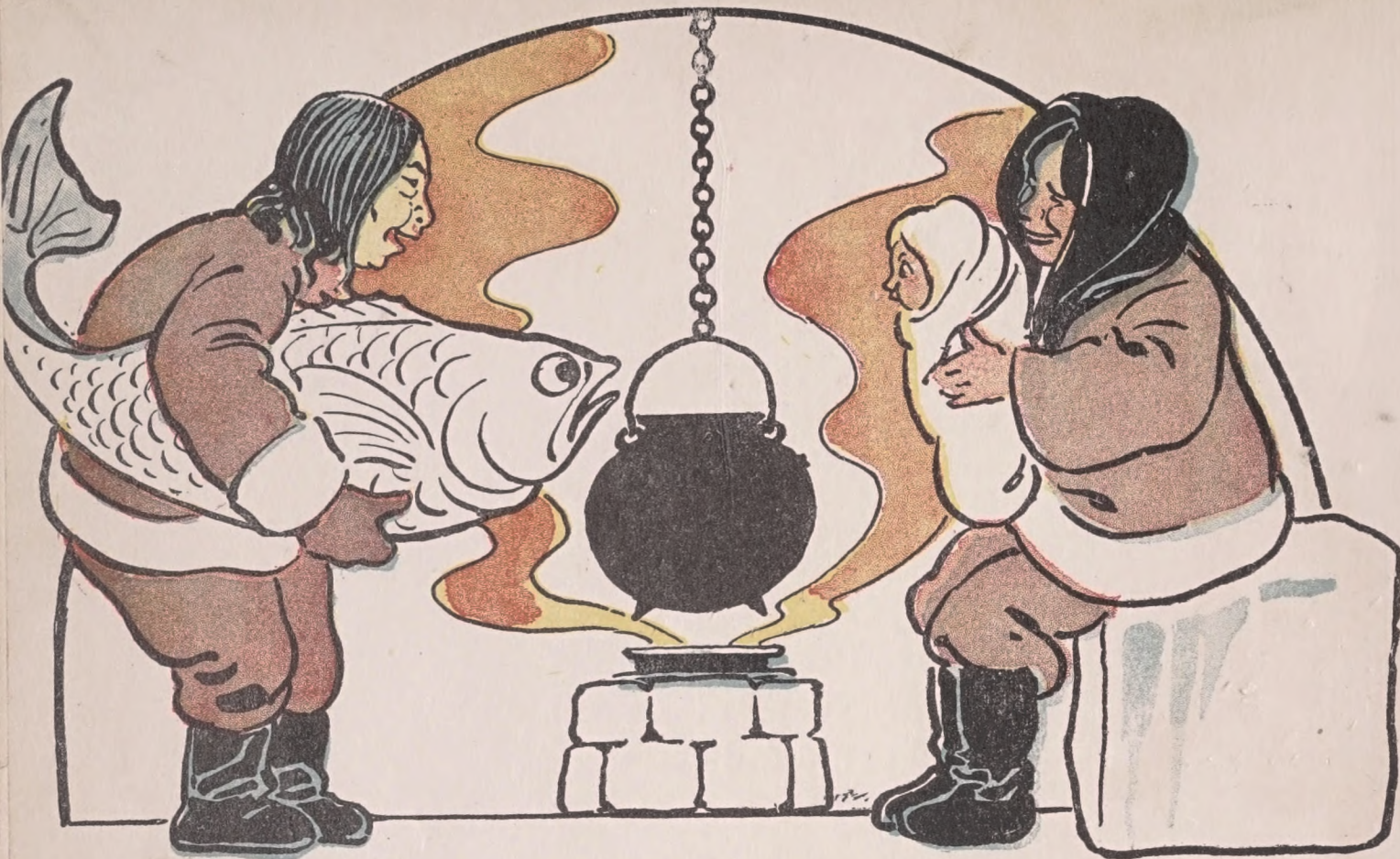
Then jump right up beside him,

And swing the sleigh about;

The big North wind 'll get you,

If you fall out!





A Little Lapp Baby

O little Lapp baby, your cradle's a shoe
All lined with sweet moss and made ready for
you.

Your father has gone to spear fish in the ice
And soon he will bring you a raw, juicy slice.
Your mother's at work with her needle of bone,
To make you a little fur suit of your own:
But if you should cry, or make faces or grin,
Your face would freeze hard in the shape
it was in!



PICKANINNIES



Little Boy Black is a negro
kid,

'Way down in the white
cotton land.

He's just as gay as a katydid,
But he's neither freckled
or tanned.

He hears the wind in the
canebrake sing,

And he'll make him a banjo soon,
With a sheepskin head and a single string
From the tail of the furry coon.

He will make a doll of the soft red clay,
With queer little legs and a head;
And when it is baked in the sun all day,
'T will be just a little Boy Red.





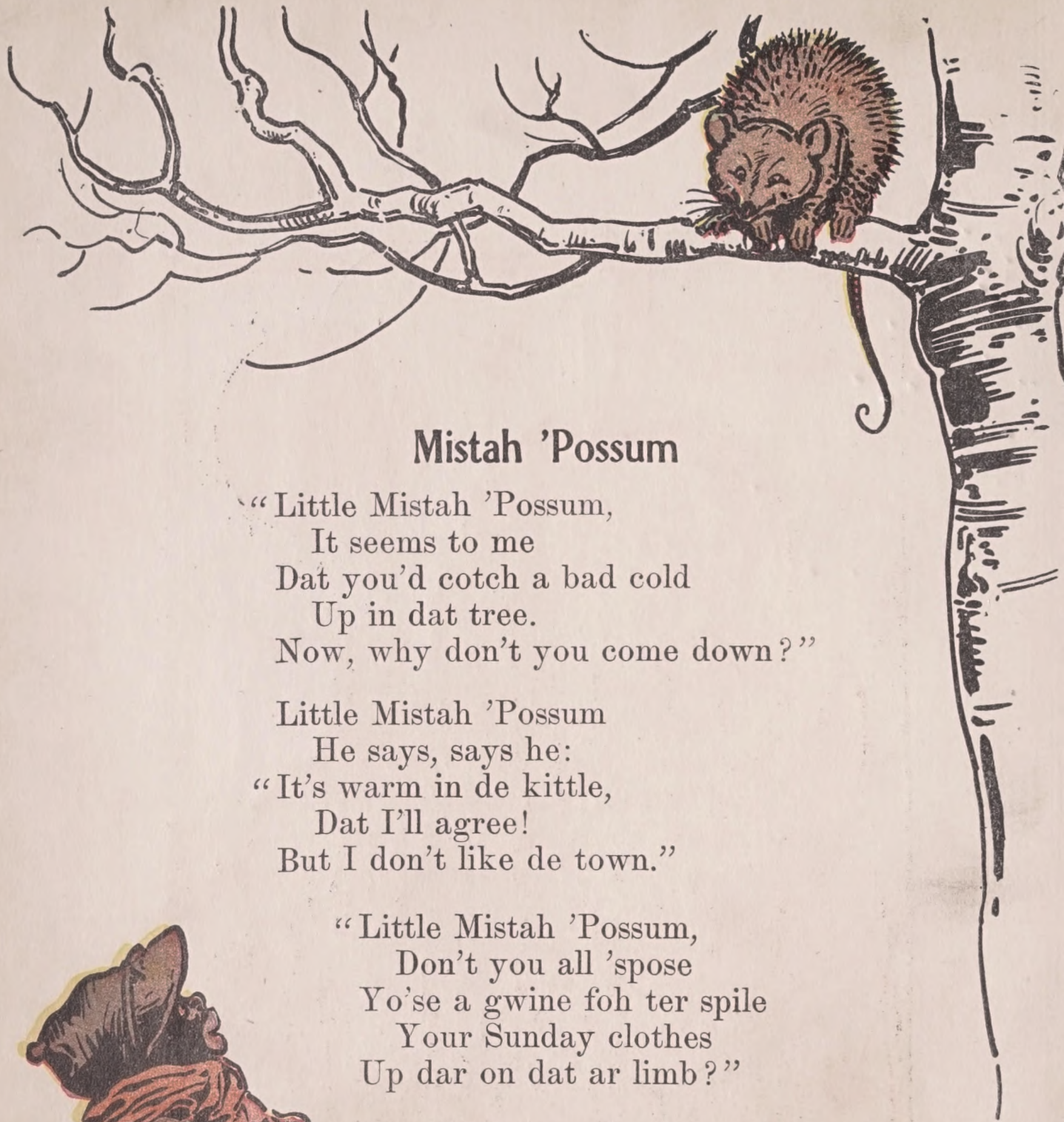
Cornfield Lullaby

By o' Babun, chuck yo' kinky haid
On yo' mammy's breas';
Lil' brer squirr'l hes scampered off ter baid —
Time yo'se gwine ter res'.
Ole Miss Hen hes spread huh spotted wings,
Like a um-be-rell!
Flop! whar's gone dem downy, yellor tings?
Don' yo' all go tell!

By o' Babun, dark yo' shinin' eye,
Snuggle soft and calm;
'Fore yo' come I wanted foh to die —
Lambie, O mah lamb!
Ole brack Sin war standin' at de door,
Lookin' roun' foh me;
But I 'spect yo'se skeered him off, foh shore,
'Case he's lef' me be.

By o' Babun, see old Mammy Night
In dem clouds up dar.
Dark yo' eye, ur she'll see de light
An' tink yo'se a star.
She's dat mad she dunno watter say,
'Case yo'se lef' de sky.
Dark yo' eye an' chuck yo' haid away —
Ole Mam Night's gwine by.





Mistah 'Possum

"Little Mistah 'Possum,
It seems to me
Dat you'd cotch a bad cold
Up in dat tree.
Now, why don't you come down?"

Little Mistah 'Possum
He says, says he:
"It's warm in de kittle,
Dat I'll agree!
But I don't like de town."

"Little Mistah 'Possum,
Don't you all 'spose
Yo'se a gwine foh ter spile
Your Sunday clothes
Up dar on dat ar limb?"

Mistah 'Possum laugh, an'
He wunk his eye:
"I won't need any clothes
In sweet bime-by."
Dey ain' a gwine cotch him!





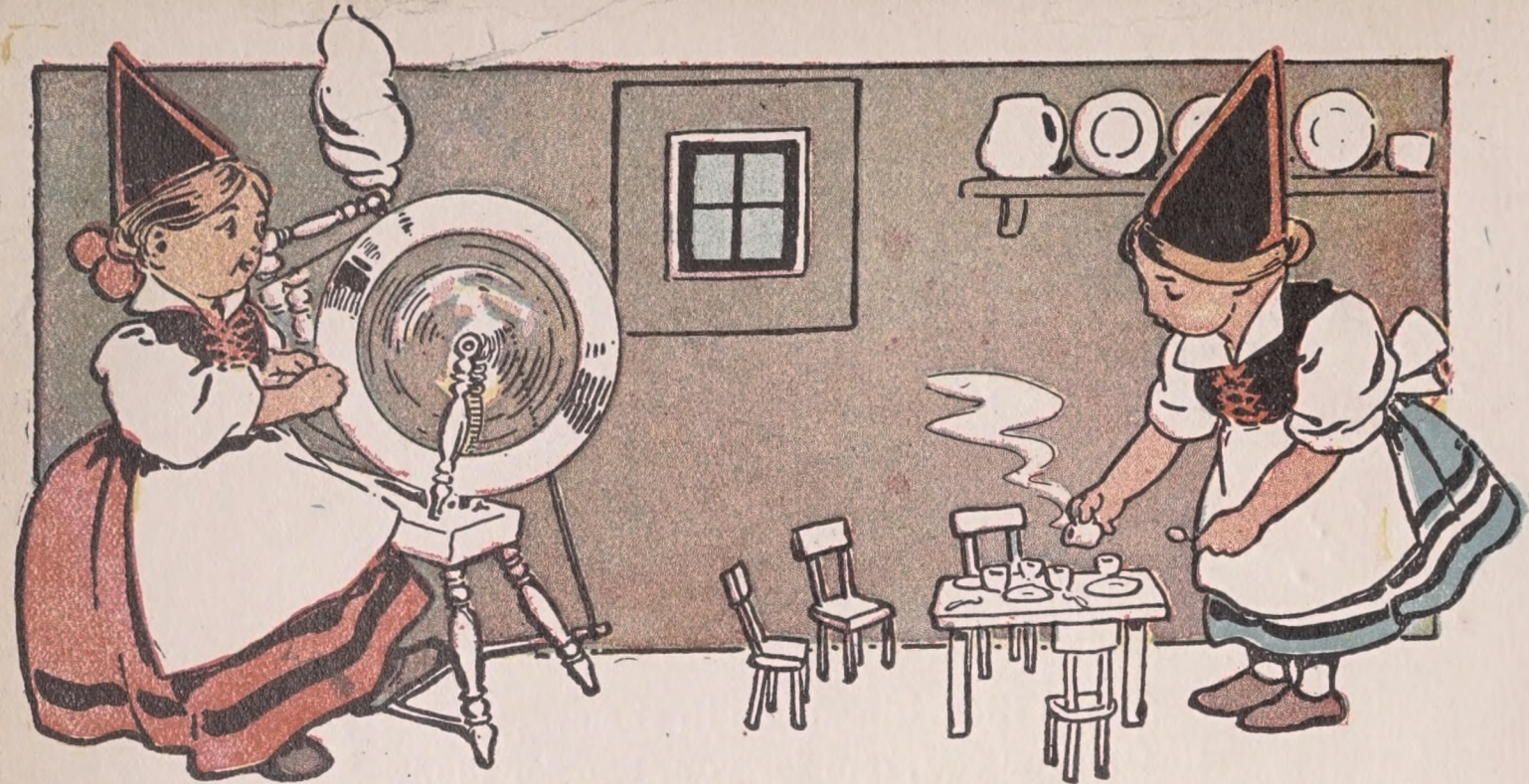
SCANDINAVIA

Three Little Kingdoms

Three little kingdoms in the sea,
One for you, one for you, one for me.
Norway and Sweden, side by side,
Could you find Denmark if you tried?
Shy little country, I'll take you!
Who'll be king of the other two?

Norway looks on the North sea cold;
Sweden thinks of her farm and fold.
Scandia's mountains, high and green,
Stretch, like a fence, the lands between.
Norse boys haul their fish nets in;
Swedish little ones plow and spin.





Name day, birth day, Christmas day—
These are the times the workers play.
Wee girls cook on the doll house stoves
Seed cakes, patties, and sugar loaves.
Spread the cloth that is white, not fine,
Tell the boys: It is time to dine.





On Swedish Hills

Olaf made his pair of skees
Out of birch wood, fine and strong.
Scarce four inches wide are these,
But they measure six feet long.

When he ties them on he'll go
Walking with a slender staff.
If he falls down in the snow
All the boys and girls will laugh.

From the hill, so white and high,
All the little folks in town
Like the snow birds seem to fly,
As their skees come rushing down.

Then they leave the pathway free,
And stand back among the trees;
For it is a sight to see
Olaf jumping with his skees.



The Farm Fairy's Revenge

Thora washed the dishes, set them on their shelf,
While outside the window, called a little elf:

"Thora, Thora, Thora, what are you about?
Where's my dish of porridge? Won't you set it out?"

Then the child made answer to the pretty fay:
"If you want some supper, help yourself, I say!"

Then she tied her apron, then she pulled each sleeve,
While outside, the nissie sadly staid to grieve.

"Foolish Danish maiden," said she, "don't you know
That you cannot prosper when you treat me so?"

Then she left the window, crossed the snowy dell.
Thora heard the jangle of the heifer's bell.

At the low roofed stables, paused the elf to call
Softly to each creature in its narrow stall.

Then she passed the sheepfold and unloosed the
latch:

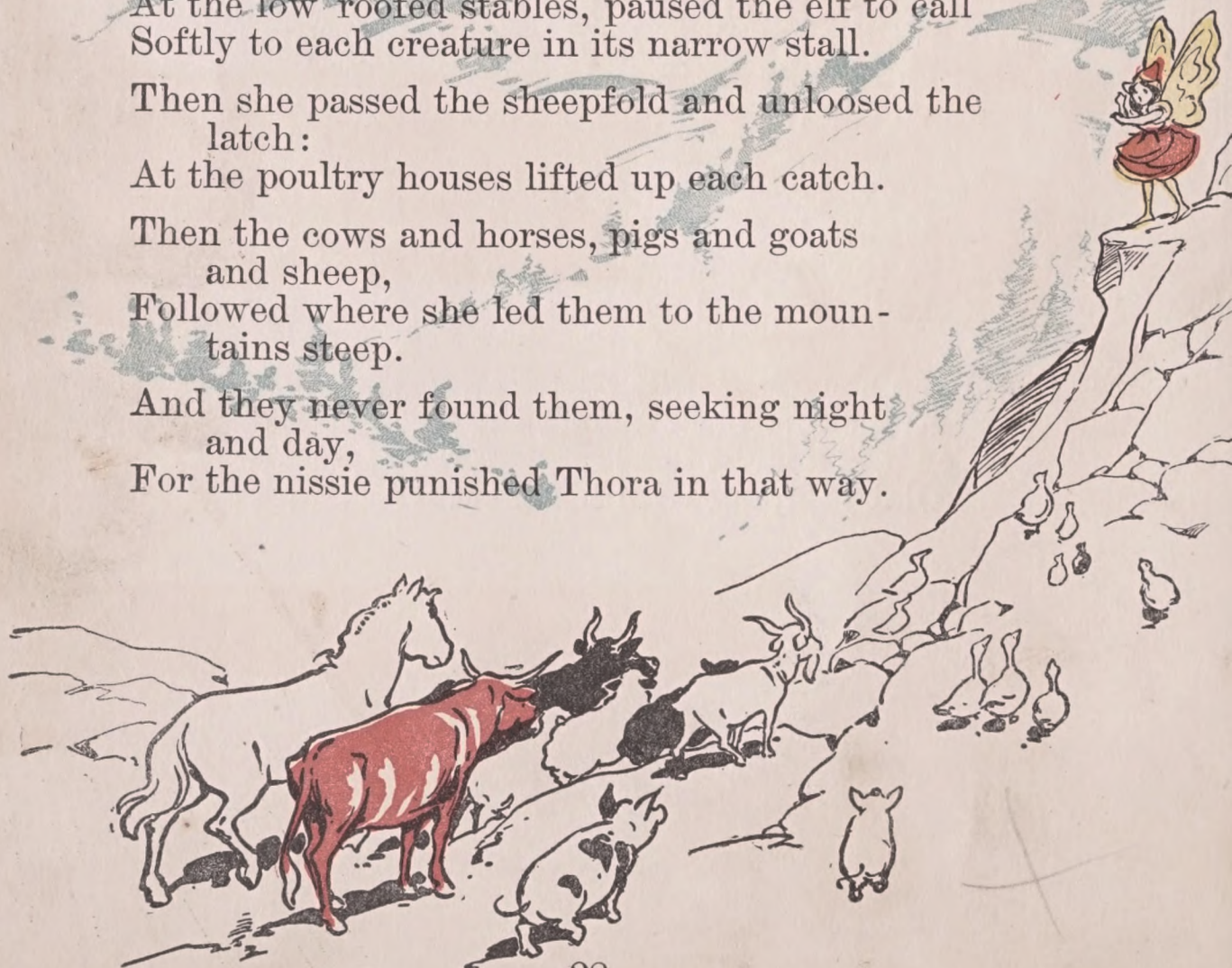
At the poultry houses lifted up each catch.

Then the cows and horses, pigs and goats
and sheep,

Followed where she led them to the moun-
tains steep.

And they never found them, seeking night
and day,

For the nissie punished Thora in that way.



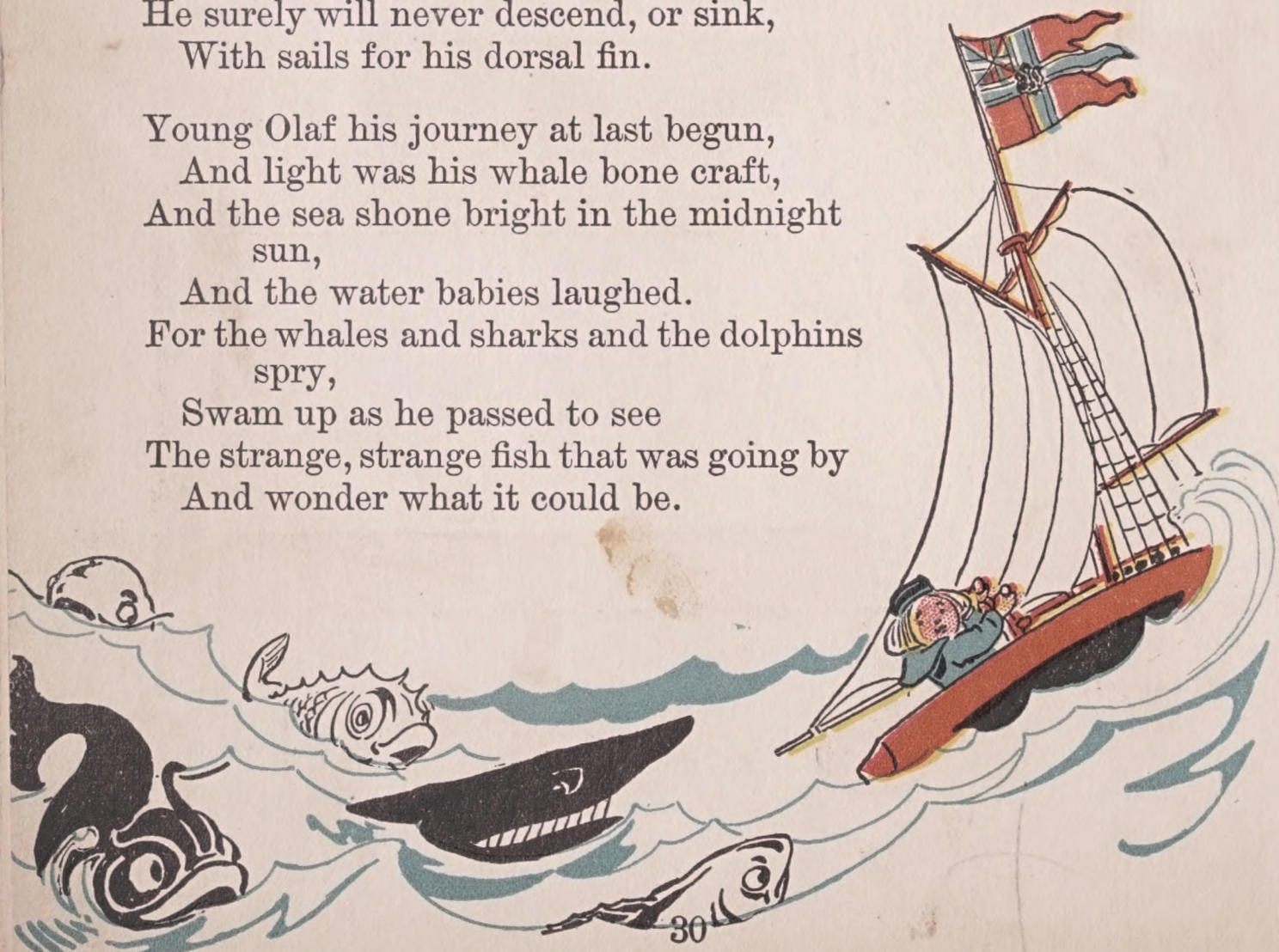




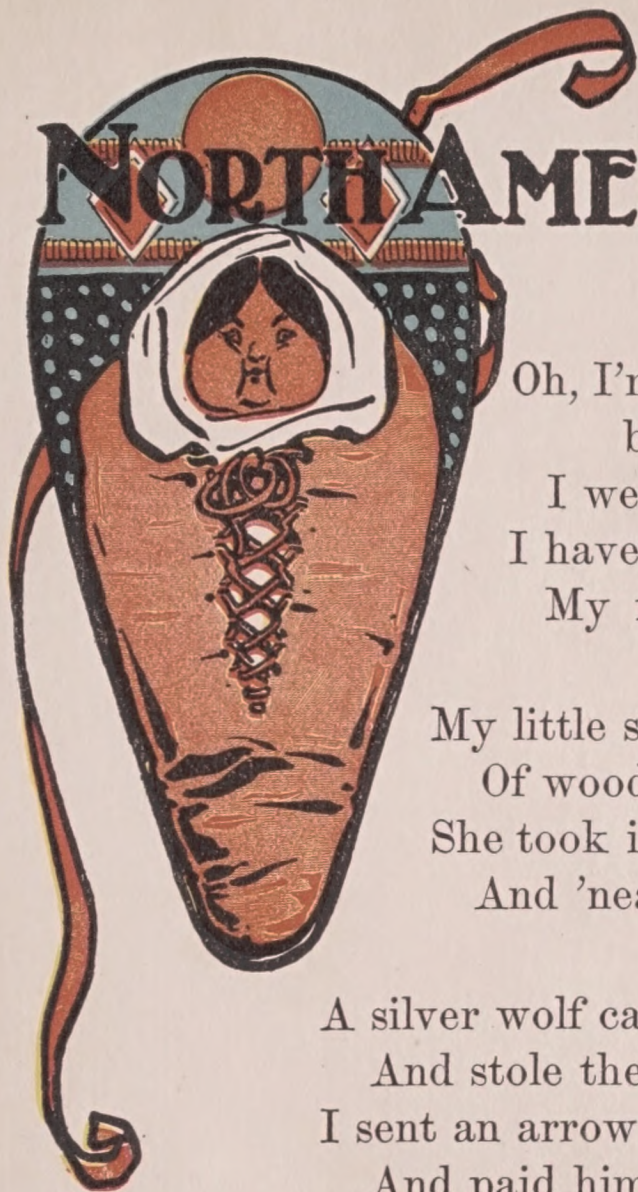
The Norwegian Boy's Boat

Young Olaf, the Norseman, built him a boat,
To weather the North Sea's gale,
" 'Tis certain," he said, "that nothing will float
As well as an Arctic whale.
I'll borrow his ribs for my craft, I think,
And cover the shape with skin.
He surely will never descend, or sink,
With sails for his dorsal fin.

Young Olaf his journey at last begun,
And light was his whale bone craft,
And the sea shone bright in the midnight
sun,
And the water babies laughed.
For the whales and sharks and the dolphins
spry,
Swam up as he passed to see
The strange, strange fish that was going by
And wonder what it could be.



NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

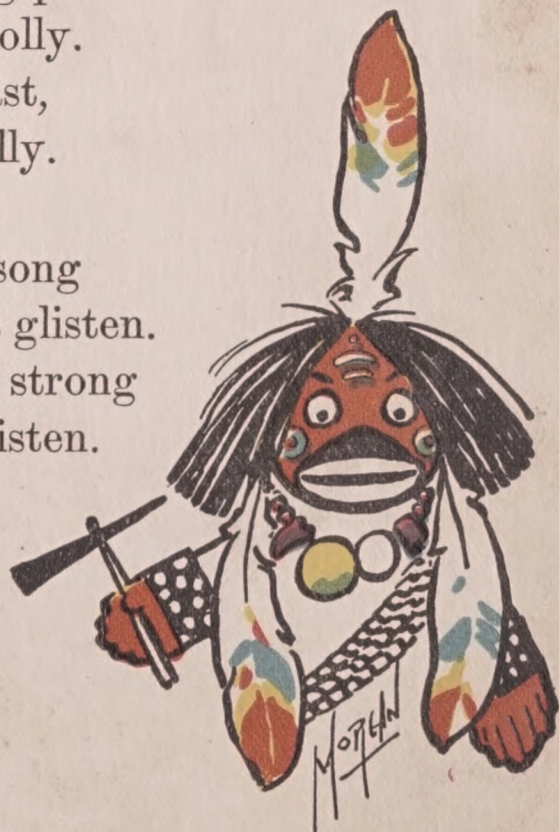


Oh, I'm a little Redskin
boy,
I wear an eagle feather.
I have an arrow for a toy,
My moccasins are leather.

My little sister has a doll —
Of wood I carved and made it.
She took it to the fairy's hall,
And 'neath a pine tree laid it.

A silver wolf came running past
And stole the painted dolly.
I sent an arrow on the blast,
And paid him for his folly.

My sister sings a hunting song
When all the young stars glisten.
The Big Bear up above so strong
Leans from the sky to listen.





The Doll Party

Bright Eyes had a little party:
And the little children came
With their dogs to help them carry
All the playthings for the game.

All the little girls had dollies;
Dollies short and dollies tall.
Some with hair decked out in feathers;
One without a head at all.

Some were carved of wood, and colored
With the red and yellow clay;
And dressed up like little warriors
Armed and ready for the fray.

Some of soft and tawny leather
Were filled out with scented moss.
With a painted smile, I wonder
How a baby could be cross?





How the Indian Boy was Named

The nameless little Navajo,
The moon of his seventh year,
Asked for his father's cedar bow
Asked for his father's spear.

The painted wigwam's pictured side,
He read like a story old.
"I'll ride away," he proudly cried,
"And win me a name that's bold."

His mother laid her weaving by,
And made him an answer kind:
"My dear one is too young to try
To weather the winter wind.

A chief they'll make my strong one soon;
He'll play with his talking crow
From moon of Leaves to Snow-shoe moon,
And then have his wish—and go."



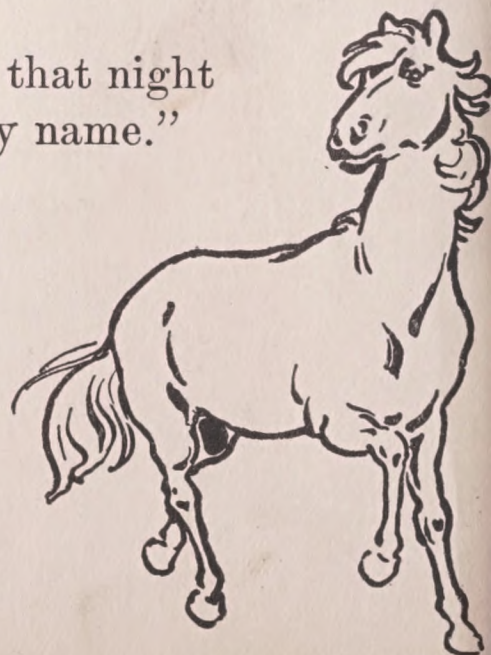


“I read the stars of night,” he said,
‘I hark to the dull earth’s sound;
I’ve made a jasper arrow head,
And down to a point ’tis ground.

My pony waits to hear my call,
With saddle of wild cow’s horns,
And doeskin cloth that’s white and small,
And decked with the painted thorns.

My shaft is feather winged, and so
I’ll ride to the cactus field;
And hunt for the lordly buffalo,
And take from his breast my shield.

I’ll stretch the hide with hunter’s might,
Above a smouldering flame,
And when my shield is smoked that night
The braves will pronounce my name.”





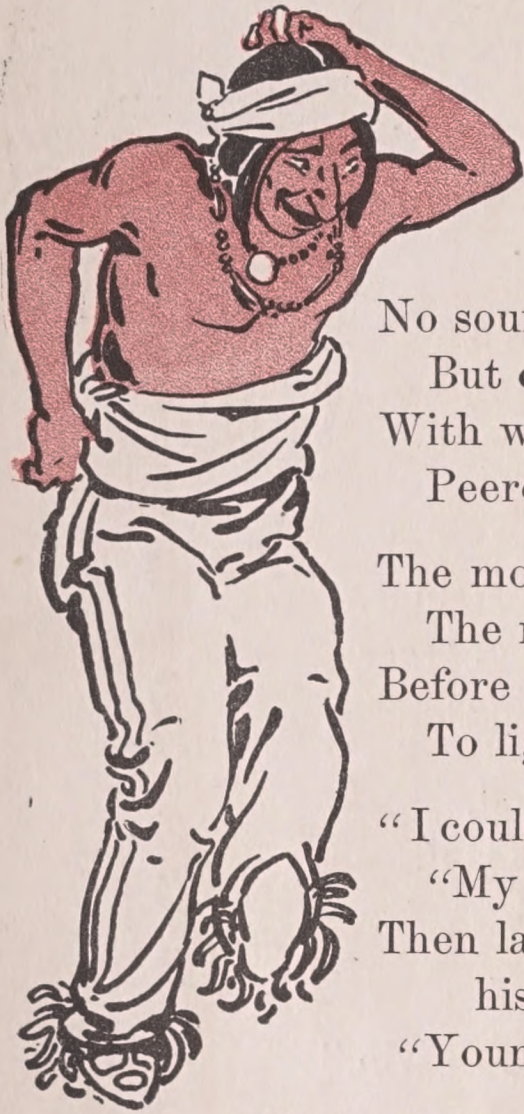
His mother said no other words;
But brought him his buckskin suit.
'Twas worked with beads and quills of birds,
And stained with the scarlet fruit.

The little shells of the saltless seas,
She brought for his wampum strings,
And sent him through the path of trees
Where bubble the Indian springs.

The Blue Jay, picket of the wood,
Watched long at the prairie's rim.
He saw the boy and understood,
And called to the forest dim:

"A young brave comes his name to win."
The signal the Blue Jay sent,
Was carried on, and each within
Kept close in his small green tent.



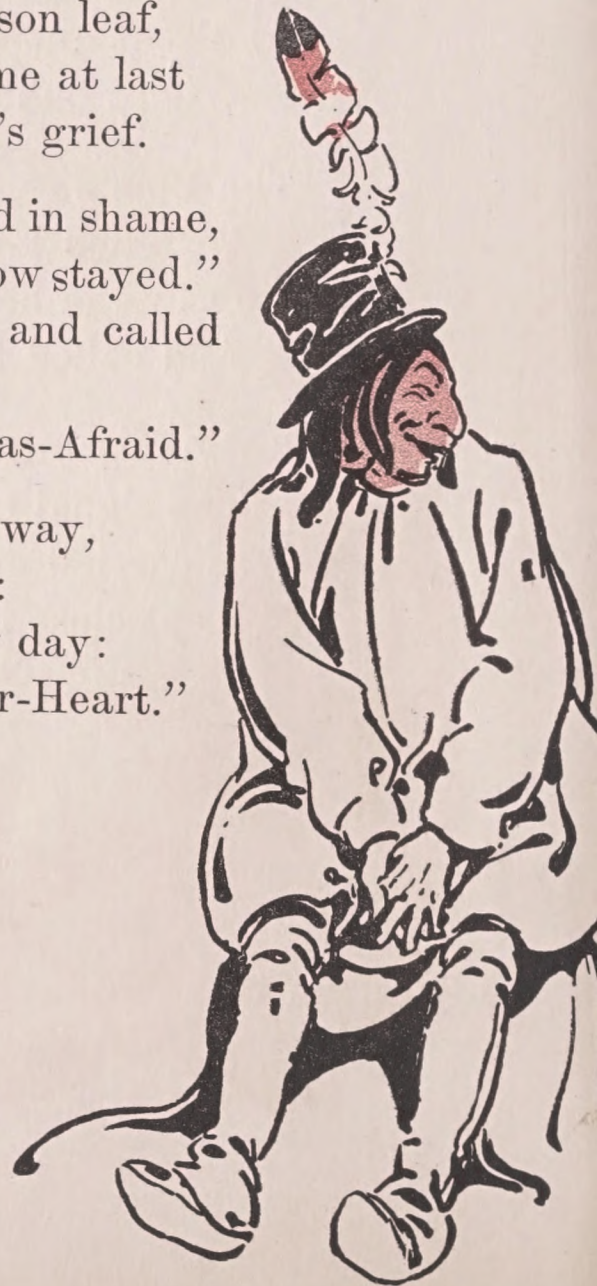


No sound was there of bird or beast,
But out from a thousand oaks
With watchfulness that never ceased
Peered ever the furtive folks.

The moon of Brightest Nights went past,
The moon of the crimson leaf,
Before the boy rode home at last
To lighten his mother's grief.

"I could not kill," he said in shame,
"My heart and my arrow stayed."
Then laughed the tribe and called
his name:
"Young-Hunter-that-was-Afraid."

But mothers know the better way,
The truest and noblest part:
She called him from that very day:
"The Chief-with-the-Tender-Heart."







Blowing Bubbles

A brimming bowl of soapy foam
And pipes for all around it!
If there's a better game at home,
I'm sure I have not found it.
With puffing cheeks and eager eyes
The children blow each bubble,
While naughty, jeweled butterflies
Seem bent on making trouble.

They're darting here and darting there,
And fast as one can make it,
They chase the bubble in the air,
To see if they can break it.
The child who makes the bubble stay
In air the longest minute,
Will have a crown to wear that day,
With pretty flowers in it.





Fairy Lamps

Have you ever, ever heard
Of a lamp with wings,
Like a pretty little bird
That flies and sings?

Cuban children have for pets
Shining fireflies;
See them chase with gauzy nets
Every darting prize.

Now they poise above, below,
Now they fly away;
With their three eyes all aglow
How they dance and play.

The cucullo is the lamp
Of the poorest child,
In a lowly cot or camp,
In the country wild.

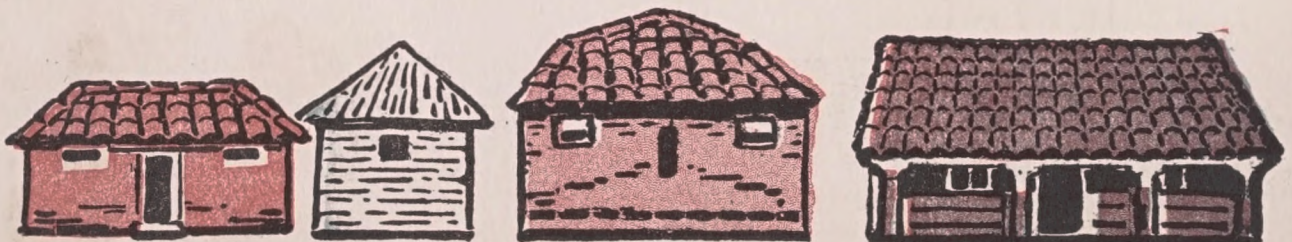




Cuban Cradle Song

A house of pink or a purple
house?
A nice little house of red?
Which shall I buy for you.
today,
Don Caesar Curly Head?

Where will you have your cradle set?
And when will you deign to rise?
What will you have to break your fast,
Good Senor Sleepy Eyes?




BRITISH ISLES

Three little English sailors gay,
Are boating on the Thames.
Their duty is to just obey,
The word their mother sends:
When she calls one, the three must run
To shore their gallant craft.
Or "Oh! ee! Oh!" they'll cry, and go
With spanking breeze abaft!

Three little English sailors gay,
Three little sailor men,
The hornpipe dance to Mandalay,
And then dance home again.
With heave, with ho, away they go;
With "Yo, yee, ho!" they scud,
For they declare, the idols there
Are only made of mud!





The Maypole Dance


Come little English boys and girls,
With coats and dresses gay,
With dancing eyes and floating curls,
And crown the queen of May.

Come make a throne of leafy green,
And raise the maypole near;
For children dance before the queen
When lovely Spring is here.

Now take the ribbons in your hands,
And trip from left to right
Till round the pole the rainbow strands
Are wound in colors bright.

The daffodil unties her cap
To see the children play.
The crocus wakens from his nap,
And knows 'tis surely May!





English Cradle Song

I sew the seams and my needle gleams
A lance of steel in a sheath of white;
I speed my boy to the wharf of dreams
In cradle craft from the shores of Light.

SLEEP BABY, SLEEP BABY, HEAVY LIDDED AS A FLOWER,
SLEEP BABY, SLEEP BABY, THROUGH THE PURPLE SHADOWED HOUR

I've measured thee with a ribbon string
From wee, pink feet to thy curly crown,
And thrill with pride as I sew and sing,
Thou great man child! on thy first short gown!

SLEEP BABY, SLEEP BABY, FROM A SOLDIER LINE DESCENDED,
SLEEP BABY, SLEEP BABY, STRONG AS HECTOR, AND AS SPLENDID!

The lids droop over thy steadfast eyes;
And swiftly I turn the final hem,
Lest I awake with a great surprise,
To find thee grown to the height of men.

SLEEP BABY, SLEEP BABY, NEVER WAS THERE SUCH ANOTHER:
SLEEP BABY, SLEEP BABY, BUT THE DREAMER IS THY MOTHER.



The Bather

Baby's a sailor and wide is the
sea—

Sing Ho! my laddie.

He will come down to the bord-
ers with me,

Sing Ho! my laddie.

Warm are the waves to his little
pink toes,

Spray on his cheek is like dew
on a rose,

Plunge! In his bath like a mer-
man he goes—

Sing Ho! my laddie!




Norah Malolly

Young Norah Malolly
Had quite a fine dolly
Made from a potato alone.
Its green hair was sprouting,
Its brown lips were pouting,
And two eyes it had of its own.

A cap with a feather
It had for fine weather,
A bit of a shawl, snug and neat;
And Norah would mutter,
“With salt and with butter,
The darlint would be good to eat.”






Irish Cradle Song

The rose and the thistle are growing, mavourneen,
In over much sun, as it must be confessed;
But O, there's a plant that is more fair and more
green,
The shamrock, the tear-watered shamrock is best!

I'll make ye a crown of the shamrock, mavourneen,
I'll fasten a spray to your dear little breast:
'Twill sink in your heart and 'twill stay there, my
colleen,
For O, the sweet shamrock, the shamrock is best.



An illustration of a tall man with a beard, wearing a white coat and a top hat, standing next to a small boy in a brown jacket and hat. The man is looking down at the boy.

Mister Mick Nick

Mister Mick Nick of Tip-
perary

Took a pig to the county
fair.

It was too big for him to
carry,

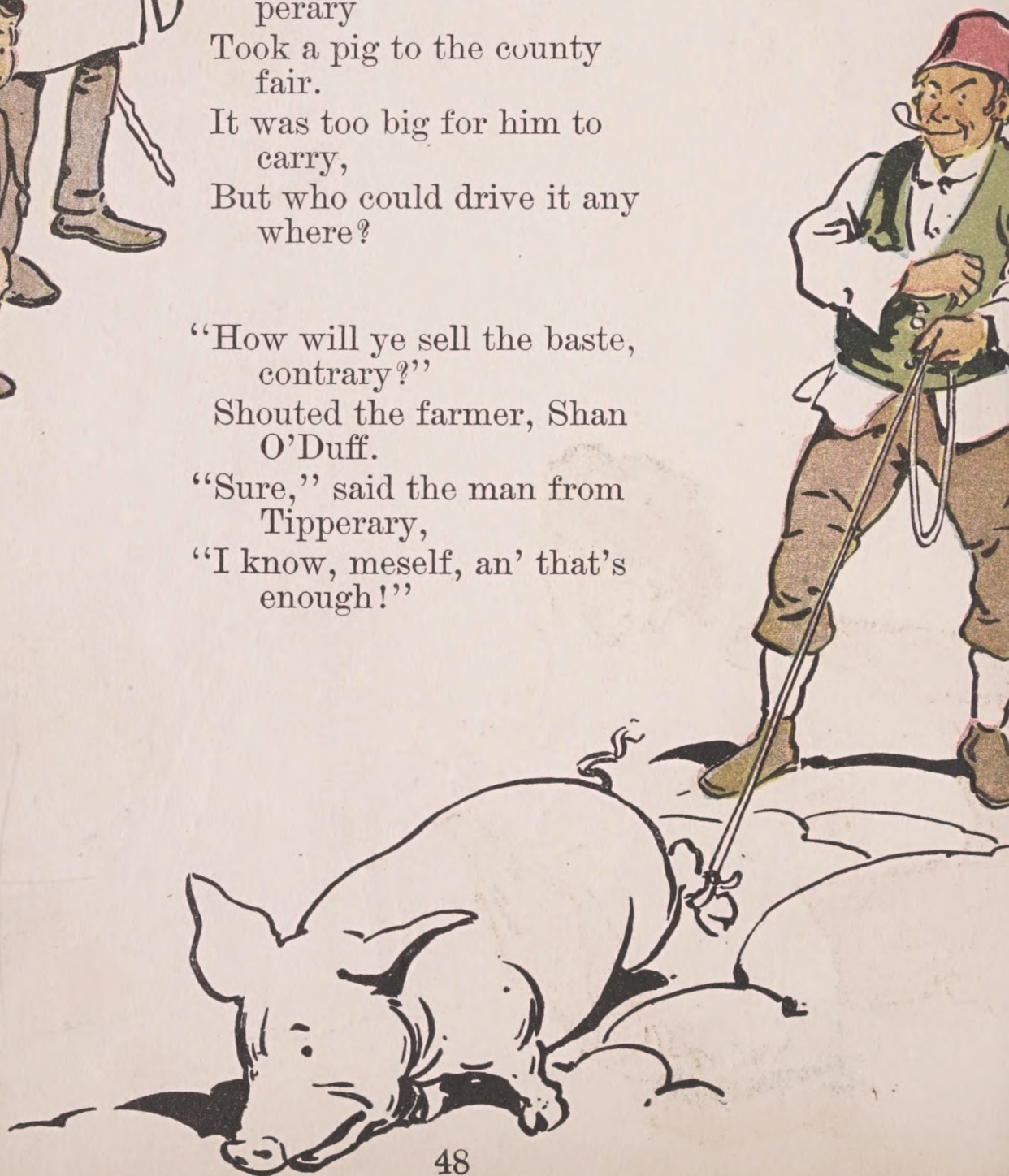
But who could drive it any
where?

“How will ye sell the baste,
contrary?”

Shouted the farmer, Shan
O’Duff.

“Sure,” said the man from
Tipperary,

“I know, meself, an’ that’s
enough!”





Christie and Donald

Up the mountain Christie goes,
Climbing like a goat;
Green jacket, little cap,
And tartan petticoat.

With her shepherd dog all day
She will watch the sheep.
If she had a crook she'd be
Little Miss Bo Peep.

Donald plays the bagpipes loud
All the afternoon.
Christie hears him far away
Playing "Bonnie Doon."

Some day he'll be marching
down
In a scarlet coat,
And will sail away to war
In an iron boat.

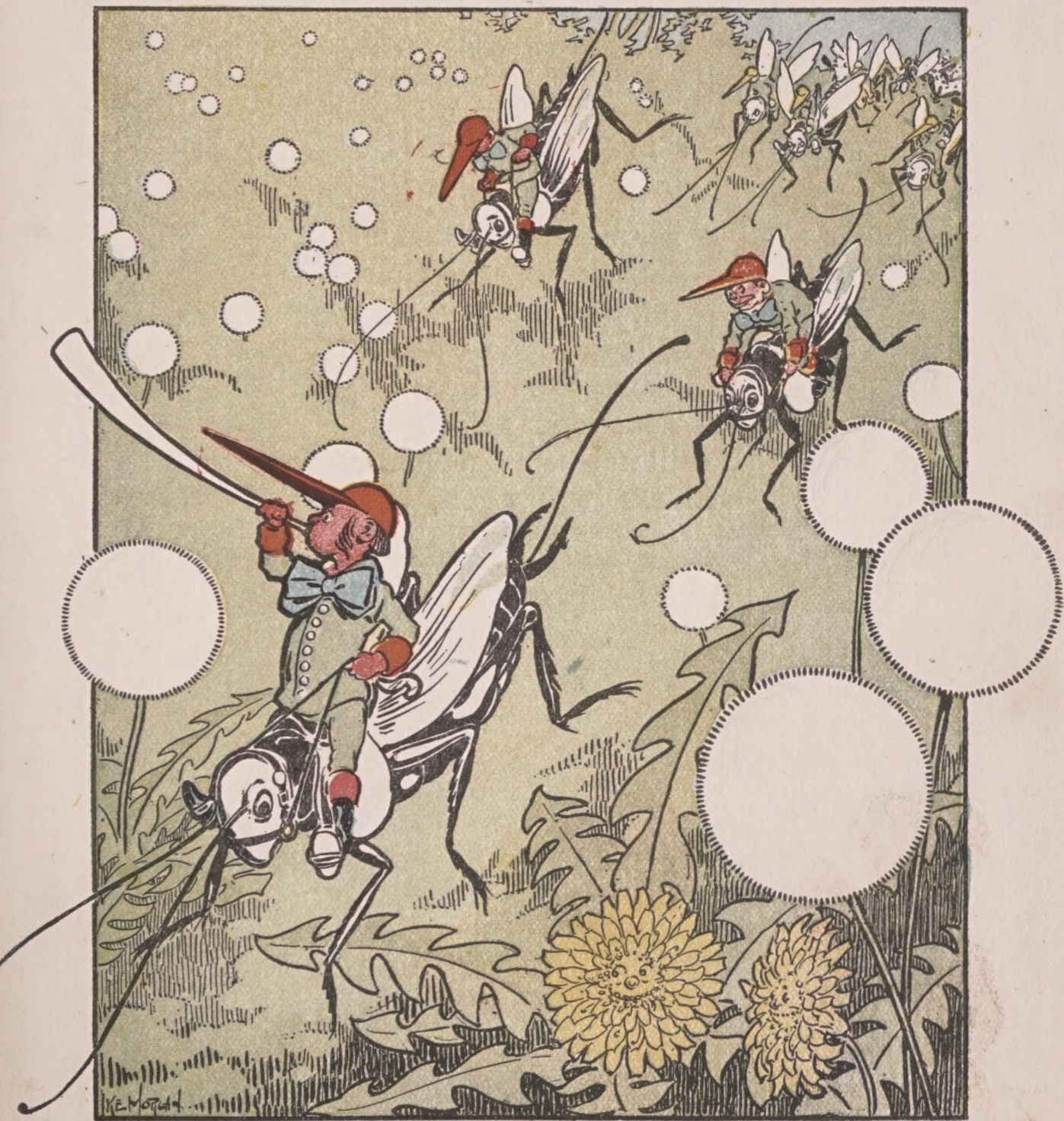


The Fairy Balloon

Way down the Scottish glen rode fast the
fairy men,
Each upon a cricket thoroughbred, sir.
They were quite plainly seen, dressed all in
hunter's green
With thistles in their jockey caps of red, sir.

Up on the heather plain the fairy chief drew
rein,
And loud upon his silver horn he blew, sir.
And said: "I really fear that we are lost
down here,
So what do you suppose we'd better do, sir?"

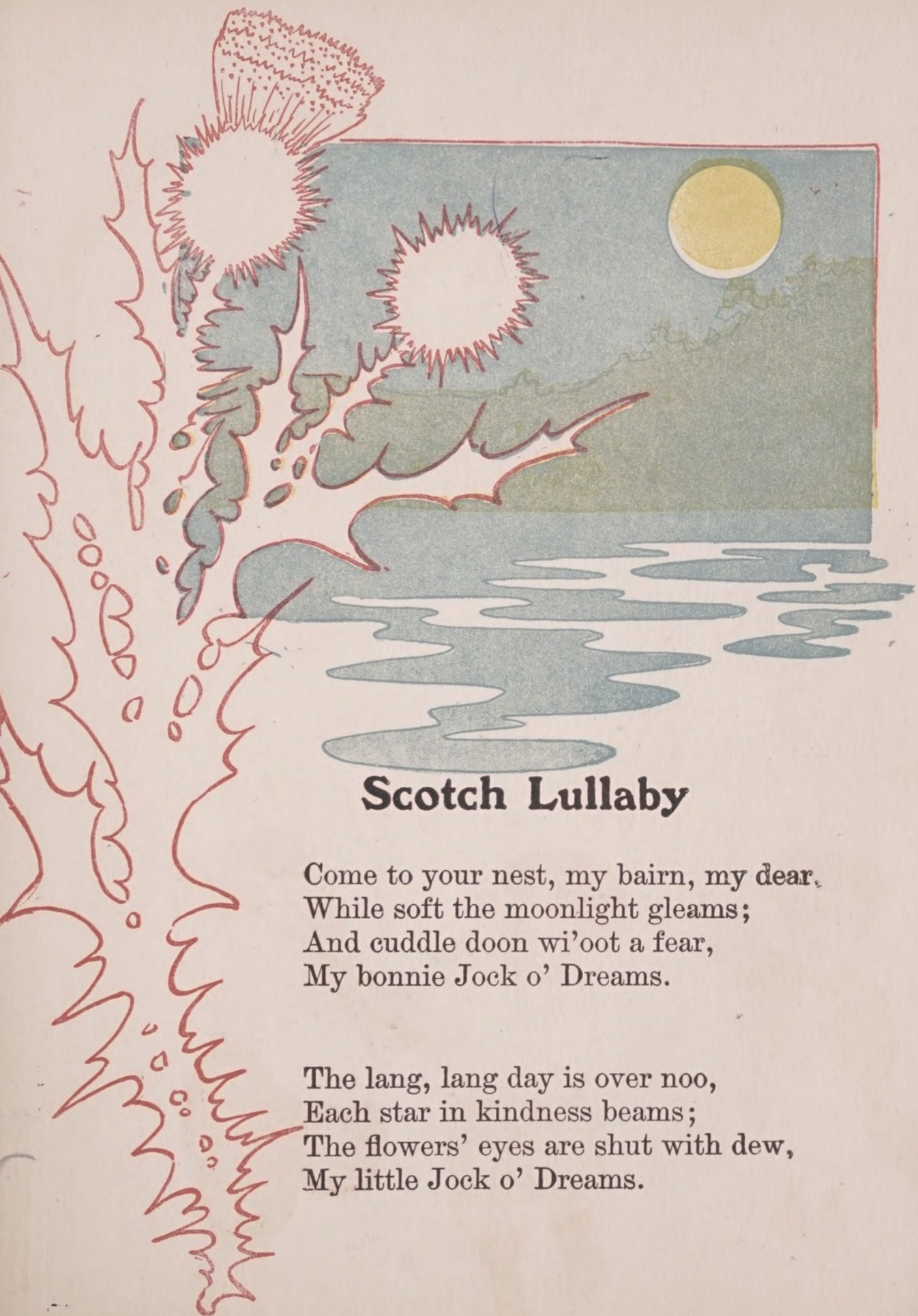
A dandy lion heard and thought it seemed
absurd
To try to climb a mountain on a cricket.
He ran a balloon line and trade was very fine
When ev'ry fairy man had bought his ticket



Playing Golf

A young highland laddie
Went down by the dune;
Behind walked his caddie
And loud sang a tune:
“A plaid ye may wear,
A Tam ye may doff,
Ye’ll nae be a Scotchman
Unless ye play golf.”





Scotch Lullaby

Come to your nest, my bairn, my dear,
While soft the moonlight gleams;
And cuddle doon wi'oot a fear,
My bonnie Jock o' Dreams.

The lang, lang day is over noo,
Each star in kindness beams;
The flowers' eyes are shut with dew,
My little Jock o' Dreams.

ARABIA

Hassan and His Horse

Hassan was an Arab lad;
Atair was the horse he had.

Where the burning simoon swept,
In a tent of skins they slept.

Sometimes hungry, sometimes fed,
Sharing cup and sharing bread.

Hassan and his horse alone
Where the desert stars outshone.

Hafiz was a bandit Turk,
With a scimiter and dirk.

Once, at night, he came and found
Hassan sleeping on the ground;

And he laughed in silent glee,
For a wicked Turk was he.

And he bound him fast and strong
With a cruel leather thong;





Tied him to his horse's back,
Drove him to the desert track.

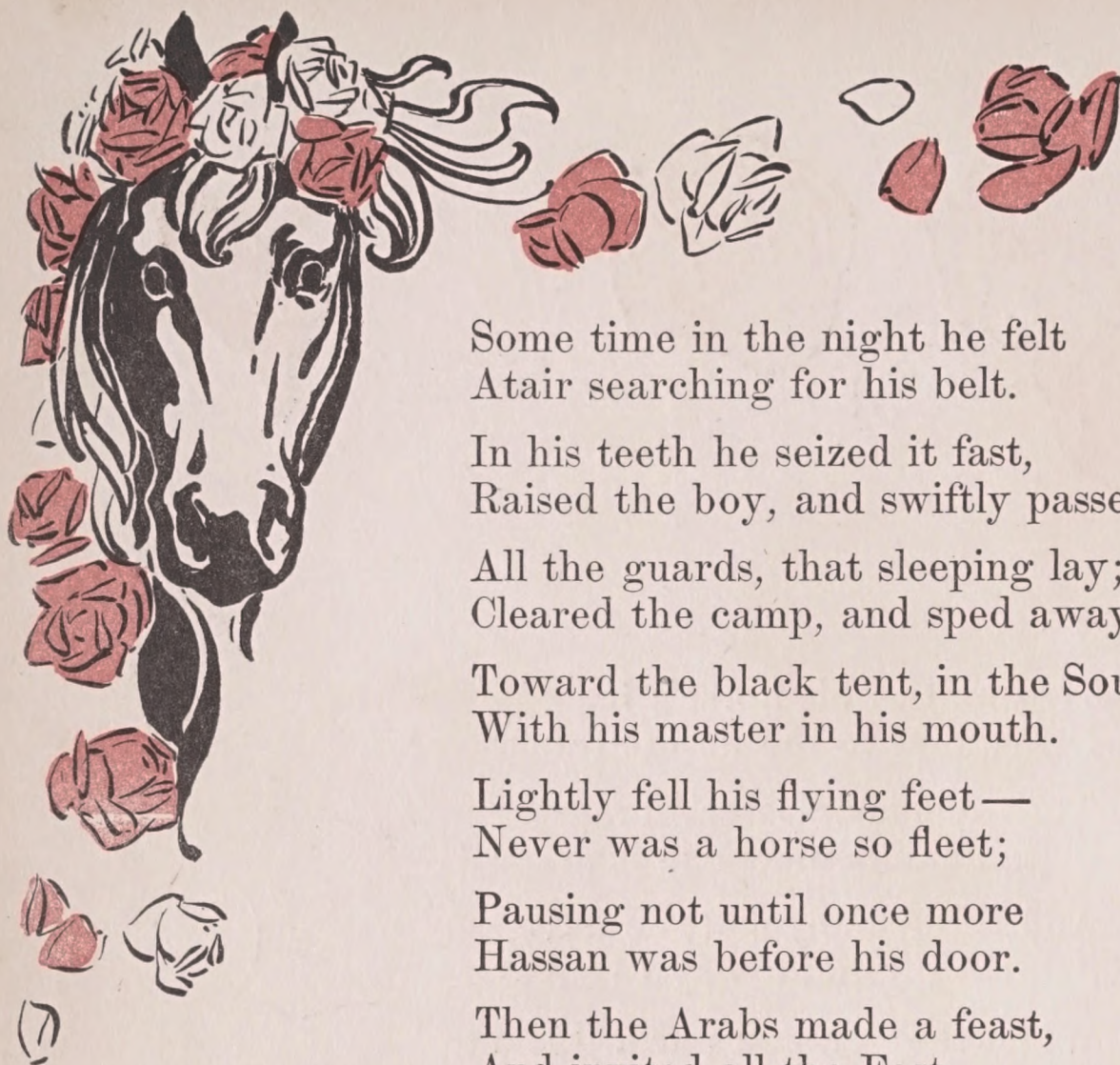
Atair felt his master's breast;
Close against his mane it pressed

And the whinny soft, he gave,
Said: "I'll find a way to save!"

While they on and onward went,
'Till they reached the Turkish tent,
Where the robbers met with joy
Hafiz and the captive boy.

But they left poor Hassan tied
On the ground, his horse beside.





Some time in the night he felt
Atair searching for his belt.

In his teeth he seized it fast,
Raised the boy, and swiftly passed

All the guards, that sleeping lay;
Cleared the camp, and sped away

Toward the black tent, in the South,
With his master in his mouth.

Lightly fell his flying feet—
Never was a horse so fleet;

Pausing not until once more
Hassan was before his door.

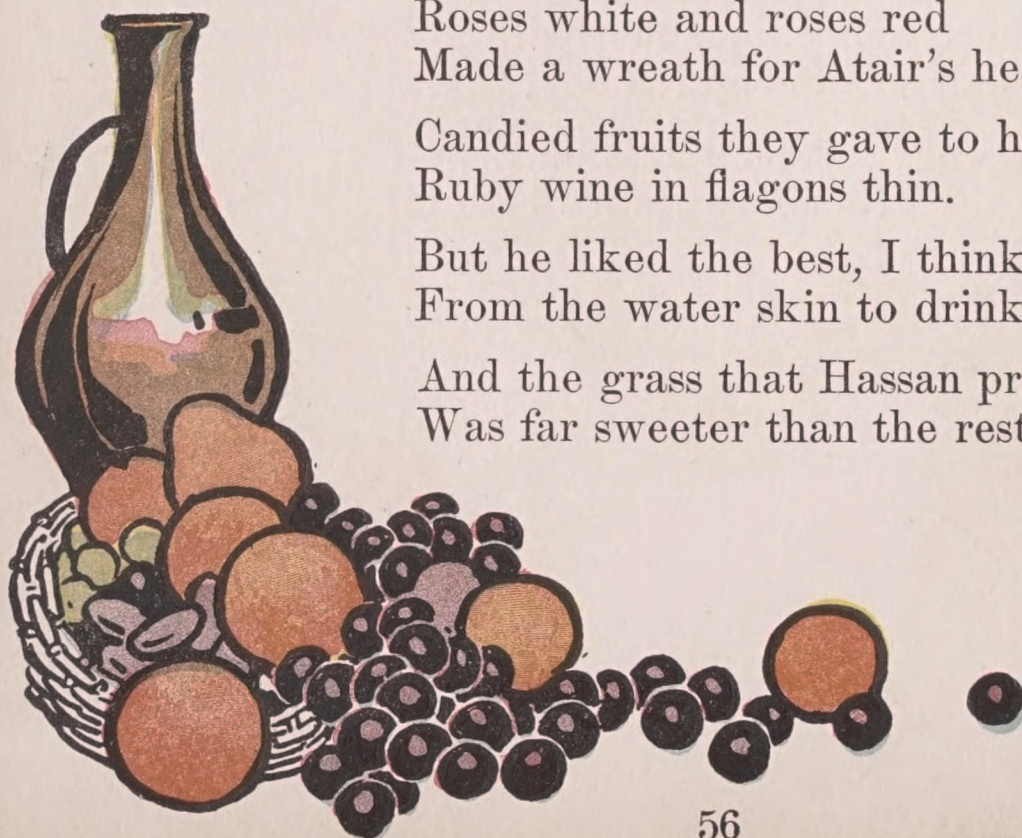
Then the Arabs made a feast,
And invited all the East.

Roses white and roses red
Made a wreath for Atair's head;

Candied fruits they gave to him;
Ruby wine in flagons thin.


But he liked the best, I think,
From the water skin to drink;

And the grass that Hassan pressed
Was far sweeter than the rest.





HOLLAND



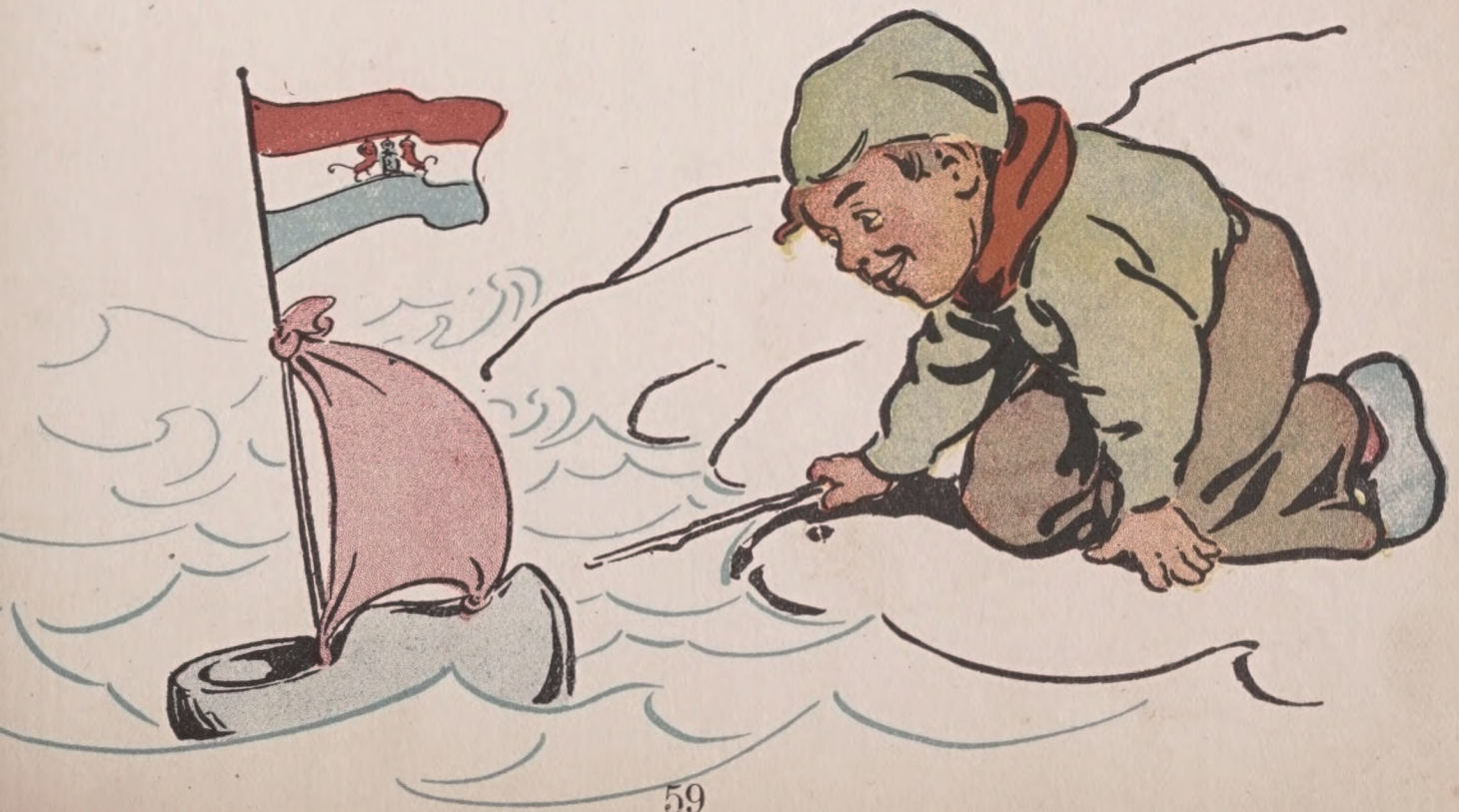
A windmill swung its arm—
Not meaning any harm;
But then the sea was angry just the same.
It gave a mighty swish,
Which frightened ev'ry fish,
And o'er the dikes of Holland shook its mane.

Now Holland, as you know,
Is very, very low,
And would be swallowed out of sight and sound,
If dikes, like fences stout,
Were not built all about,
To keep the Sea from eating up the ground.

Upon this summer day,
It would have been that way,
Had one small boy, named Hans, not chanced to
like
To sail his wooden shoes,
Like men o' war, with crews,
With Gretel and her dolls upon the dike.

The ocean, with a roar,
Went raging by the shore,
And in the wall it found a little chink.
“Swish, swish!” it said in glee,
“Those windmills now will see,
That I can stop them quicker than a wink!”

It lapped the stones apart,
Till Gretel, with a start,
Cried out: “The dike is broken, we are lost!”
Hans saw a little stream
Just breaking in between,
And vowed to save his land at any cost!

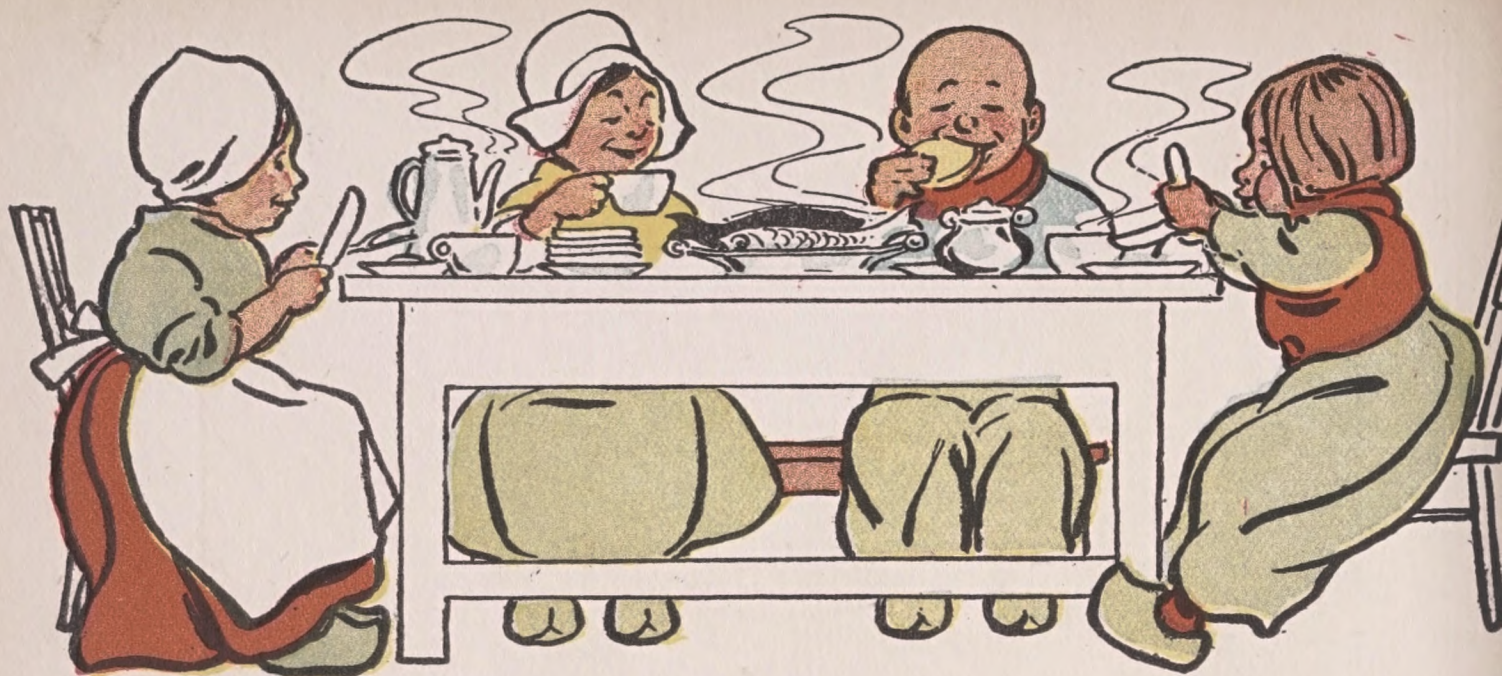


No moment could he wait
Or it would be too late
And over all the land the sea would roll.
He could not mend the crack,
To hold the waters back,
And so he thrust his arm within the hole.

And thus he closed the break
While Gretel ran to take
The warning to the burghers in the town.
They hurried down to mend
The dike, and in the end
The boy became a hero of renown!







Getting Breakfast

In the window peeped the sun :
“Come,” he cried, “the night is done.”

Little Hilda jumped from bed.
“Breakfast I must get,” she said.

Then in just a moment more
Wooden shoes clicked on the floor.

Click and clatter! What a noise!
In came running all the boys.

Ev’ry one to do his share,
To save mother from all care.

On the crane the kettle swayed,
On the board the cloth was laid.

Then the glowing coals they raked,
While the fish in ashes baked.

Hilda took from off the shelf
Pewter spoons and cups of delf.

Counting noses, just in fun,
Laid a place for ev'ry one.

Little Hans, with eyes of blue,
Brought a tulip, wet with dew.

Crossed the sanded floor, and straight
Laid the flower by one plate.

Whose could it have been? I guess
Mother pinned it on her dress.





The Little Holland Boy

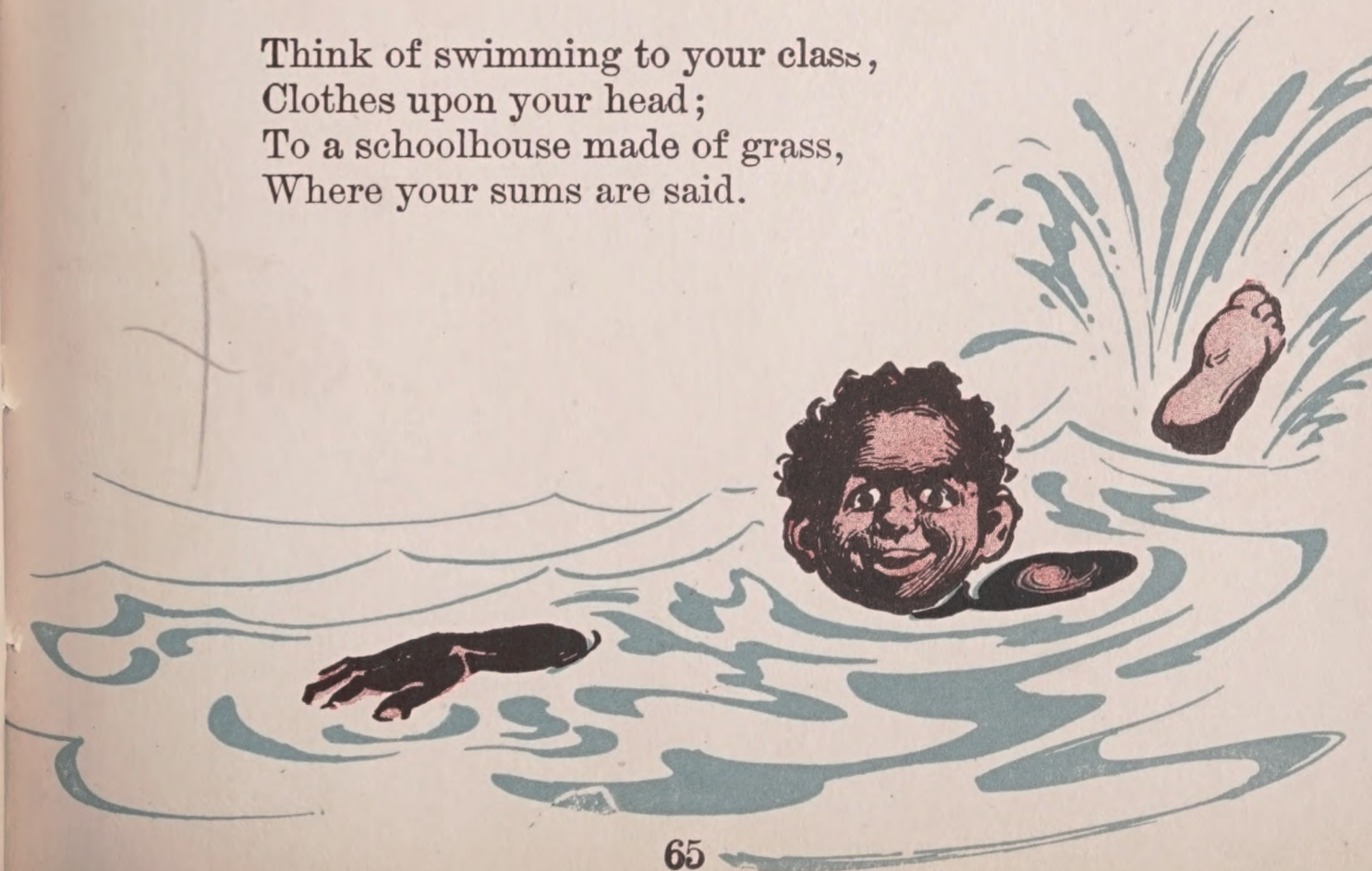
See the tiny Holland boy in his trousers new,
With each sturdy little foot in a wooden shoe.
If you saw him on the street when you chanced
to roam,
Would you think him bound for school or just
coming home?

HAWAII

Swimming to School

Kalu loves to go to school—
Like most ev'ry boy.
Starts to read and mind the rule
Ev'ry morn with joy.
But you cannot walk or ride
If you go with him,
For he jumps into the tide
And strikes out to swim.

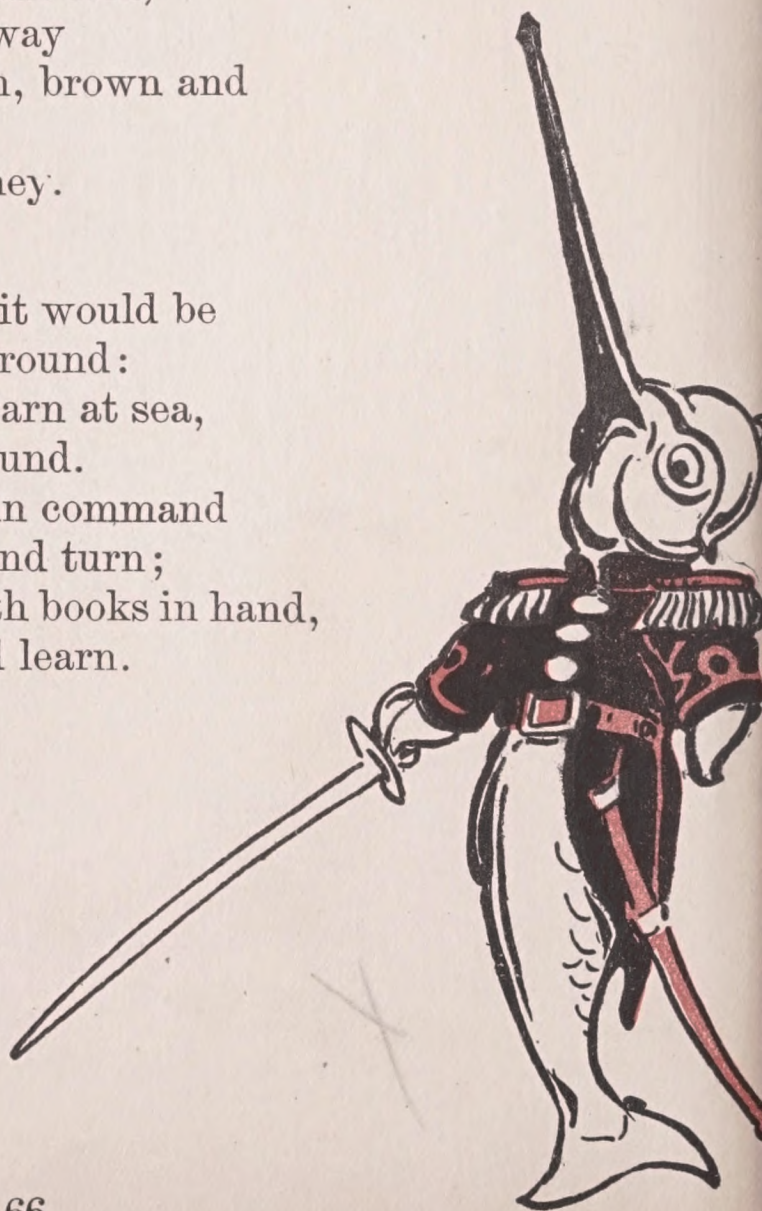
Think of swimming to your class,
Clothes upon your head;
To a schoolhouse made of grass,
Where your sums are said.





Still, the fishes, I am told,
Go to school that way
And these children, brown and
bold,
Swim as well as they.

Think how funny it would be
If they'd change around:
All the children learn at sea,
All the fish on ground.
With a swordfish in command
Boys would drill and turn;
While the fish, with books in hand,
Many things could learn.



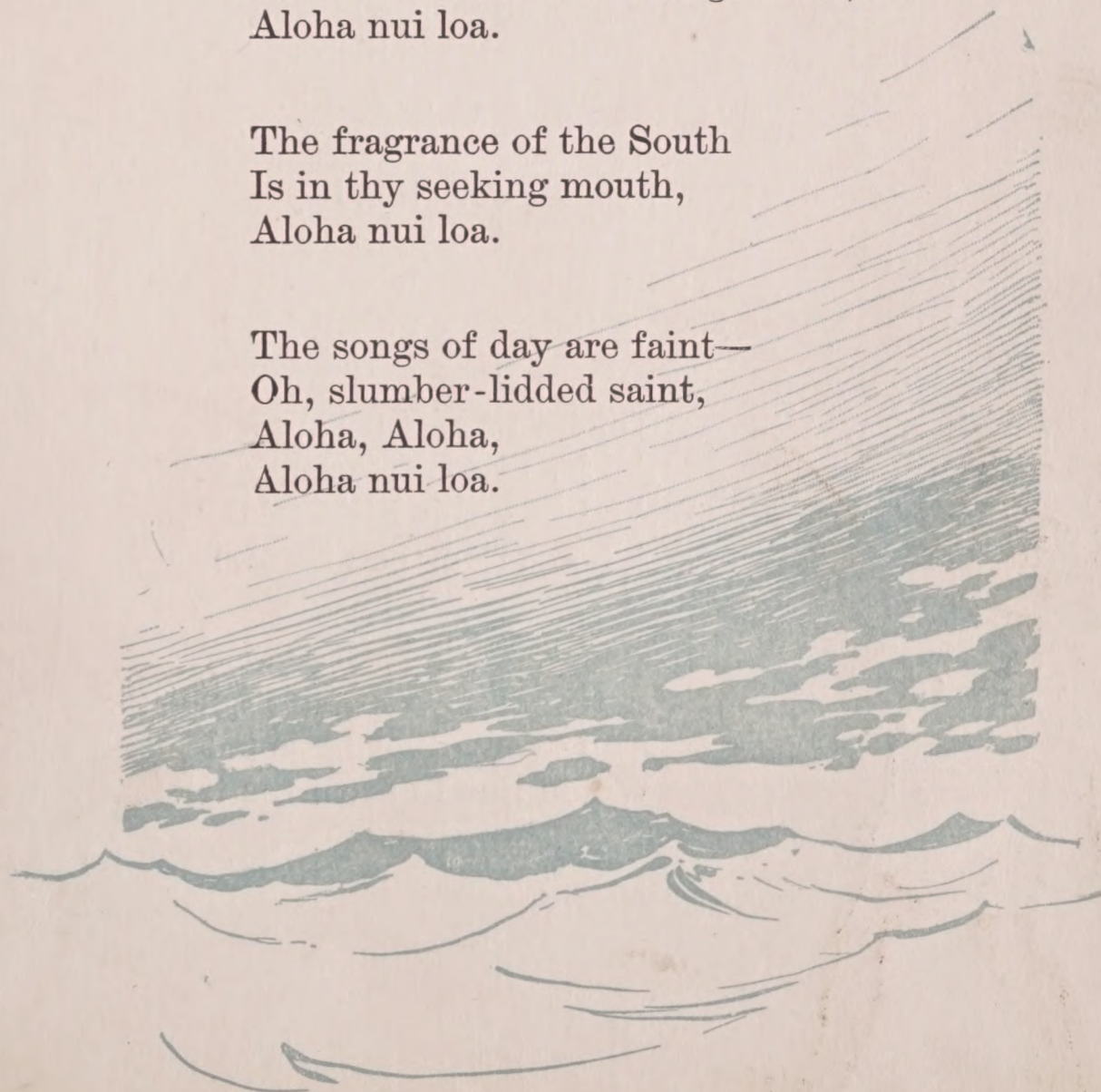
Hawaiian Cradle Song

I crown thy drowsy head
With leis of flowers red,
Aloha nui loa.

Thine eyes are like a lake
Where stars their thirstings slake,
Aloha nui loa.

The fragrance of the South
Is in thy seeking mouth,
Aloha nui loa.

The songs of day are faint—
Oh, slumber-lidded saint,
Aloha, Aloha,
Aloha nui loa.



The Boomerang Thrower

It really is absurd,
And painful, I have heard,
To be a walking gallery
Of ev'ry beast and bird.

Most any one would think
A little boy might shrink
From having all his history
Pricked into him with ink.

But when a South Sea boy
Goes to a feast of poi,
He does not struggle wearily
With clothes which spoil his joy.

For he's a picture show
All by himself, you know,
And how this little Islander
A boomerang can throw!

It is a crooked stick
He hurls with gesture quick;
And ev'ry other little lad
Would like to learn the trick.





MEXICO



Flower Babies

The little maids of Mexico,
When Cortez came, so long ago,
Had dolls of ivory and pearl,
With beaten gold in ev'ry curl.
Their eyes were sapphires, bright and
blue,
Their lips were pearls and rubies too.
Their little dresses, I am told,
Were jewel-threaded cloth of gold.
But that was very long ago—
When Cortez conquered Mexico.

The little Mexic maids today
Beneath the pepper trees at play,
Have dollies, not so proud and grand,
But just the "sweetest in the land."
The roses, dressed in fashion new,
With lily caps just washed in dew.
These little people of the Sun
Will blush and play till day is done.
The flowers did not cease to grow,
When Cortez conquered Mexico.





In Mexico

To market, to market, merrily go,
 Three little Mexicans all in a row.
 All in a row on a small donkey's back;
 Down on each side is a posy-filled pack.
 Once in the town they will cheerily cry:
 "Who'll buy our roses? Who'll buy? Who
 will buy?"

Home again, home again; heavy his load!
 Sancho, the donkey, will play on the road.
 Down goes his head and then over it keels,
 Three little Mexicans heads over heels!
 Three little Mexicans all in a row
 Running to mother and crying: "Oh! Oh!"



Soon they will sup from a beautiful dish,
Modeled in clay, on tortillas and fish.
Then, when the stars are all lighted, per-
chance
Off they will run to the plaza to dance.
Songs in their hearts and sweet bells on their
clothes;
Gay little Mexicans, give me a rose!



FRANCE



Busy Little White Caps

Merry little children,
Born in sunny France;
Many people think they
Nothing do but dance.
Jolly little Armand,
Roguish Antoinette,
On their tiny tiptoes,
Spring and pirouette.

But there are some lessons
That they all must learn,
In the shining kitchens,
Where the fires burn.
Every little French boy,
Every little lass,
Has to go each morning
To a cooking class.

If you'll stay to dinner,
Any pleasant day,
They will cook it for you,
Singing, as in play.
Soup and beef and salad,
Dainty as they look;
Busy little white caps,
Every one a cook.







The Little Artist

Julie dressed her kitten
In an Empire hat,
Over coat and saber,
Like a soldier cat.

Then she said "Be quiet
And look pleasant, please;
And be very careful
Not to wink or sneeze."

Then she took her canvas,
Paints and brush and knife:
And made pussy's picture
Just as real as life.



Making Sand Men

See the little Frenchmen,
Even in their play
Making pretty figures
Out of plastic clay.

Pointed stick and shingle
Are the tools in reach
As they shape their sculpture
Down beside the beach.

Lions, birds and fishes,
And a sandman, too,
With his eyes of berries,
And his mouth askew.

Some day these young sculptors
Will be sent to schools,
Where they'll learn to model
With the proper tools.





Two Little Dolls

Lizette has a Paris doll
Dressed with charming taste.
“Mamma!” it will always call,
If you squeeze its waist.

Ev’ry night it goes to bed
In a ruffled gown,
With a pillow for its head
Made of eider-down.

Marie has her dolly, too,
Like a Breton maid;
Cheeks of red and eyes of blue,
In its best arrayed.

Though it looks so neat and
mild,
I have heard folks say
It is quite a heartless child
And is stuffed with hay.



JAPAN

What You Would Do In Japan

If you went for a ride in Japan,
You would go in a jinrikisha,
With a paper umbrella and fan,
And a queer little rain coat of straw.

In this quaint, two-wheeled cart in Japan,
Down the road where the cherry trees grow,
You would drive not a horse but a man,
Who would stop when you called to him:
“Whoa!”

Should you chance to walk out in the rain—
Why, your clogs would be six inches tall!
And then, when it was dry once again
You would surely appear very small.

If you were a good child of the land,
You would go to the temples each day,
With some red paper prayers in your
hand,
And that is the way you would pray.



Battle of the Kites

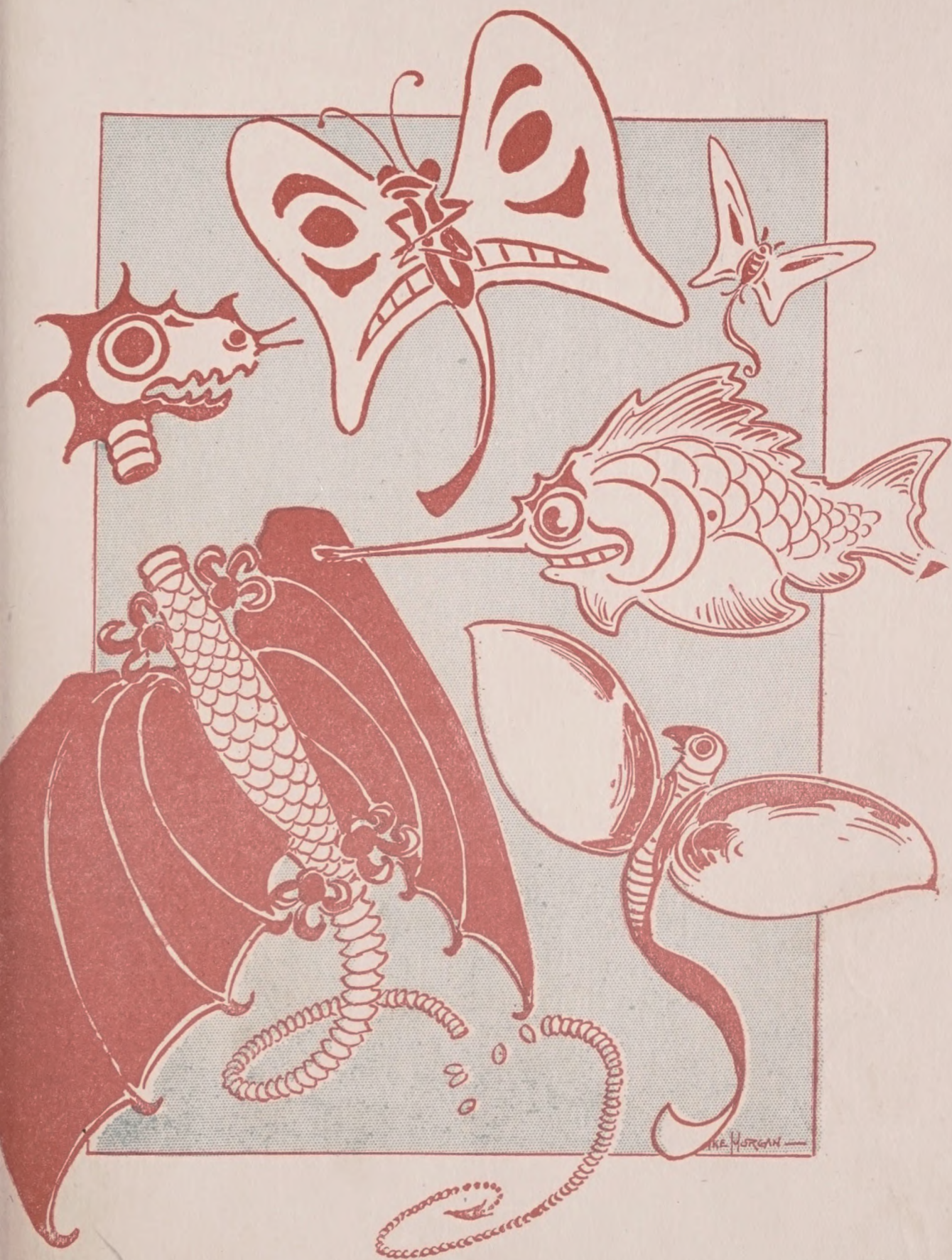
A small Jap man, called Nanki San,
Once owned a demon kite;
A naughty thing with beak and wing,
That only lived to fight.


Its tail, alas! was broken glass,
Stuck on the string with glue.
The kites in air would run and stare,
But what were they to do?

He'd go aloft, and very oft
Would cut the others down;
Till, by and by, they would not fly
Above the startled town.

That was not right, and one old kite
To all the others said:
"If you'll agree to follow me
We'll take that giant's head."


When next they flew, the leader true
Went boldly to the foe;
And with a dash, and cut, and slash,
He sent him down below!





The Feast of Dolls

"Sweet dough, Sweet dough!"
Calls the peddler as he goes
Down the streets of Tokio,
In his funny hat and clothes.



"Sweet dough, Sweet dough!"
All the children run to take,
And the little ovens glow
While the pretty cakelets bake.

"Sweet dough, Sweet dough!"
Made in shapes of A B Cs,
And the animals they know
For the little Japanese.

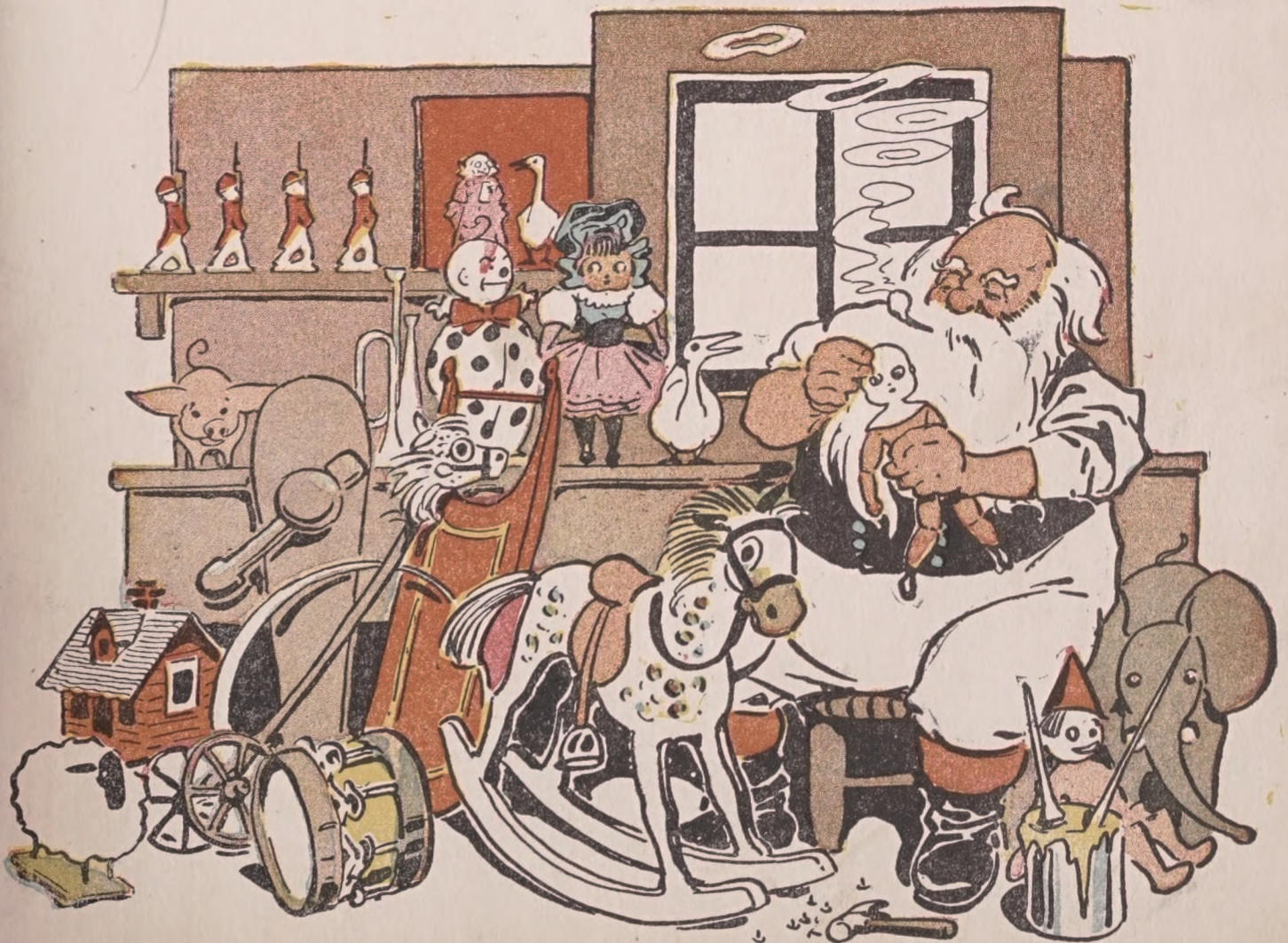
"Sweet dough, Sweet dough!"
'Tis the Feast of Dolls today;
Do the dolls of Tokio
Learn their letters in that way?



GERMANY

The Poorest Child

Old Kris Kringle, in his shop,
Worked all day and could not stop.
"Christmas is so near," he said,
"Ev'ry doll must have her head;
Ev'ry sled a painted coat;
Ev'ry flock a fleecy goat;
Ev'ry play house walls and roofs;
Ev'ry hobby horse its hoofs.
Children grow too good, 'tis clear,
When it comes this time of year."





Old Frau Kringle dragged across
Bags of mail marked: "Santa Claus."
"All those children over seas,"
Said she, "Call you what they please."
But she said it with a smile
Dressing dollies all the while.
And he read the letters out
Frowning at one as in doubt.
"Dear me," said he, "What is this?
One child only wants a kiss!"

“Listen to her wish, my dear”
(On his cheek there shone a tear) —
“Dear Old Santa give my toys
To your other girls and boys,
But on Christmas eve so bright,
Please, Oh please, kiss me good night.
For since mamma went above
I have everything but love.”
Old Kris Kringle shook his head.
“That’s our poorest child,” he said.





The Little German Band

I'm major of de drum,
Und don't you see me come
Yust marchin down de street so fine
und grand?
De peeples run to see
Vat all dose sounds can be,
Ven I takes out my leetle German
band.

Mit muff upon my head
Und leetle coat of red,
I feels so proud I yust can hardly
stand.

Mit dinner bell, und pan,
Ve play de best we can,
Ven I takes out my leetle German
band.

De musics all must play
In yust de time I say,
Ven I walks down de front mit stick in hand.
Und efry one dots near,
He covers up his ear,
Und says: "My cracious, vat a German band!"





SOUTH AFRICA

Paul and the Lion

Paul Kruger was a little boy
Who never had a pet or toy.

He never caught a single look
At Mother Goose's picture book.

Or had a fire engine, swift,
Or hobby horse for Christmas gift.

His father's farm, so I am told,
Brought nothing forth but gems and gold

The sowers who went out to sow,
Could never hope to make things grow,

When underneath the scattered seeds,
Were diamonds as thick as weeds.

So this poor boy, as you must know,
Just had to play with spade and hoe.

And then he jumped and rode and ran
And tried his strength with ev'ry man.

And all the time he stronger grew
Than any of the neighbors knew.

And when his mother read, one day,
How Samson took big gates away;

And killed a lion in the wood;
Paul thought the story very good.

And doubled up his knuckles, square,
And had her feel his muscles, there!

A kopje (call it "copy," please);
A little hill half hid in trees,

Was very near the Kruger home,
And there a lion used to roam.





One day, while strolling round the place,
Paul met the lion face to face.

“R-rr,” growled the beast; “R-rr,” said
the Boer,
While each one looked the other o’er.

The narrow path, ’twas very true,
Was scarcely wide enough for two.

The lion crouched and lashed his tail;
The boy stood waiting still and pale.

But then Paul was the first to spring;
And beat the beast like ev’rything.

He tweaked his tail and boxed his ears
Until his mane was wet with tears.

“Now,” said the lad, “I’ll set you free;
But mind you keep away from me!”

He raised his hand, and with a rush
The lion scampered to the brush.

Then Paul went home and bathed his head,
And said his prayers and went to bed.

When he grew up the people sent
For him to be their president.

And then a stronger lion came
And stood right in his path again.

And all that he could do and say
He could not make him go away.

But those who ride upon that hill
All say that he is trying still.





ESKIMO

Poor Little Eskimo

Born in the snow and cradled in ice;
Poor little Eskimo, pray is it nice?

How do you like a house like a hive?
How do you keep awake and alive?

Can you have picnics without any
trees?
And can you swim when you're likely
to freeze?

How can you make you a kite that will fly?
And what do you do on the Fourth of July?

Now when I think what you never can do,
I feel just as sorry as can be for you!

If I'd a house with a cold icy floor,
And terrible Totems stood up by the door,

I'd take a hot brick and creep into bed,
And draw up the quilts and cover my head.

Baseball in Greenland

I'm captain of the nine,
We play a game so fine,
The other clubs are all afraid to meet us.
And we're as scared as they,
Because if we should play
They'd very likely find that they could beat us.

The nine from Labrador
Came to the Greenland shore,
In uniforms they took from polar bears, sir.
With balls of walrus bone
And bats all set with stone,
But none of us could stand their haughty airs, sir.



The Baby's Ride

King Baby rides abroad today,
In ev'ry place a diff'rent way.

Strapped to his mamma's side or back,
Or tightly sewed in deerskin pack;

In Greenland swinging in a hood;
In Lapland in a shoe of wood.

But then the strangest way I know,
Is when the little Eskimo,

Dressed in his best, new birdskin suit,
Goes riding in his mother's boot.



GYPSES



Nobody Knows

Nobody cares, nobody knows
When the Gypsy comes or goes.
Go to sleep, the fields are bare.
Wake at dawn and he is there.
Wagons rest and horses graze,
Kettles swing above a blaze.
Nobody knows, nobody cares
How the gypsy lives and fares.

Zenia has a little goat
With a white and silky coat.
All the day it follows her
Through the woods of oak and fir.
See her doll so fine and fair,
Corn husk gown and corn husk
hair!
Who would not be glad to trade
With a little gypsy maid?





A Gypsy Boy

I'm a little brother of the sun,
A strolling Gypsy player.
I'll sing for you when day is done,
And no one will be gayer.
But you may sleep in your walls
and bars,
And I will sleep in my tent of stars.

I'm a little brother of the sun,
I roam the hills and prairie.
My Arab and my dog and gun
Are near me when I tarry,
To blend my voice with my sweet
guitar's
And sing my song in my tent of
stars.



ITALY



The Fantoccini

The merry Fantoccini
Are actors made of wood.
They cannot even whisper,
But still they're understood.

The theater is only
A box with curtains red,
Which Signor Pulcinella
Has fastened round his head.

But O, the funny speeches
The voiceless people make,
Will make you shake with laughter
Until your sides will ache.

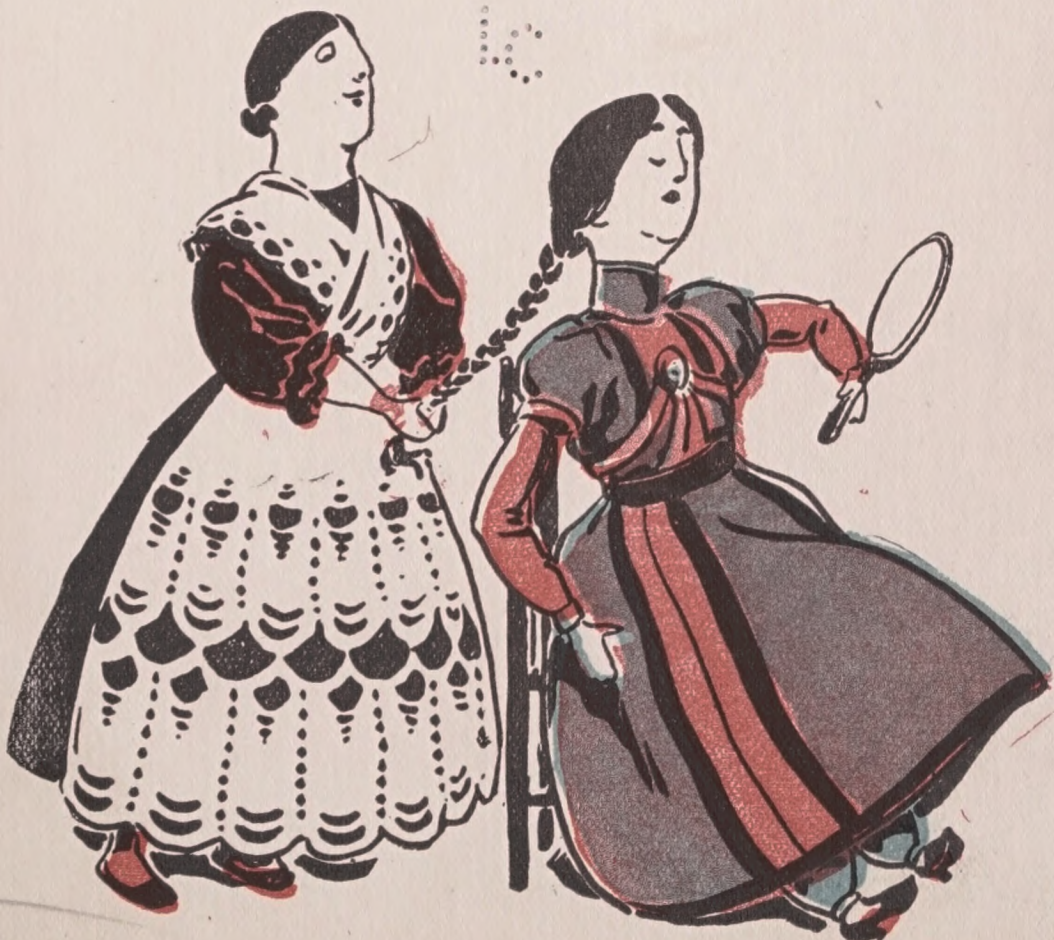
There's Signor Stenterella,
A miser mean and old,
And there's the jolly bandit
Who comes and takes his gold.



"Help! Help!" cries Stenterella,
Who trembles in his skin.
"Give me your money," thunders
The robber manikin.

Then there is grand Regina,
A lady proud and fair,
And Serva in an apron
Who stands and braids her hair.

So stop and see the puppets
When you go out to drive.
The clown is just as foolish
As though he were alive.





Pan's Pipes

Once Mister Pan, a funny man,
Whose feet were like a goat's,
On reeds that grew beside him blew
A lot of pretty notes.

When first they heard, each beast
and bird
Drew near in great delight,
And all that day they made him play,
And long into the night.

But soon, 'tis true, away he threw
The pipes so sweet and wild.
And they were found, all scattered
'round,
By an Italian child.

'Twas long ago, but still you know
The birds will fold their wings
And listen, mute, as, with the flute,
The sweet bambino sings.



The Image Seller

Up and down, up and down,
Nardo trudges all the day
With a tray upon his crown
Filled with images of clay.
“Who will buy?” is his cry,
“Who will buy, who will buy?”

Plaster saint, painted clown,
Pink and green and white and
red,
Through the sunny streets of
town
Nardo carries on his head.
“Who will buy?” is his cry,
“Who will buy, who will buy?”

There's a monk in a gown;
There's a sweet shepherdess.
Nardo thinks, with a frown,
He must go supperless.
“Who will buy?” is his cry,
“Who will buy, who will buy?”



INDIA



The Indian Juggler

A turban white is on his hair.
White bags are on his legs;
And round and round he whirls
in air,
At least a score of eggs.

He plants a seed and makes it grow
Before your very sight;
And lifts a paper cone to show
A bush with roses bright.

He does 'most ev'ry kind of trick,
And calls it "sleight of hand":
But if he would not be so quick,
Perhaps we'd understand.

Some little boys may like to try
To swallow swords and blades.
But as for me, I'll take some pie
And bread and marmalades.





The Sacrifice of Dolls

Where the yellow Ganges flows,
Just the time the waters rise,
Ev'ry little maiden goes
To its shore with weeping eyes;

Down the walk with footsteps meek,
To the River, fierce and grim;
And their tears are on each cheek
When they give their dolls to him.

Years and years ago, 'tis said,
When the stream was causing harm,
Some one took it in his head
That they ought to make a charm.


Gifts of ev'ry kind were brought
To appease the river wild,
And then some one had a thought
That perhaps he'd like a child!

So they hunted up and down
Till the setting of the sun;
But no mother in the town
Could they find to spare just one.

Then a little Hindoo girl
Thought that she might save them all:
And she swiftly ran to hurl
To the waves her dearest doll.

Since that time, alas 'tis so!
Just the time the waters rise
Ev'ry Hindoo girl must go
To that dreadful sacrifice.





The Pigeons of Jeypore

Ev'ry evening when the sunset
Streaks with gold the courtyard floor,
Then the little Buddhist children
Feed the pigeons at Jeypore.

With a whirr of wings and flurry,
They come swooping to the ground:
When the young priest of the temple
Calls them with a singing sound.

Many little brown-skinned beggars
Ask for crumbs from door to door,
So that they can feed the pigeons
Sacred pigeons of Jeypore.





The Knee Parade of India

Six little boys of Bombay,
In white linen tunics and caps,
Are waiting, in silent dismay,
The signalling drum's rat-a-taps.

With many a shiver and shake
They're dreading the time and afraid:
But know very soon they must make
The terrible night knee parade.

Some people may think it's a joy,
To proudly march out and be seen:
When they just look sharp at a boy
To see that his knees are all clean!

RUSSIA



The Prince and the Serf

Ivan, the Russian, said one day,
"Bring me my horse, bring me my
sleigh,
My caftan warm and turban gay,
And I'll ride down to Moscow."

"Oh, little Father, brave and true,"
His servant said, "Let me go, too,
And drive the wolf away from you,
When you set out for Moscow."

Young Ivan frowned: "You cannot go;
The forest path I surely know;
Between the trees across the snow,
I hear the bells of Moscow."

His little boots were trimmed and furred.
The bells upon his harness stirred;
And Paulo said no other word
When he went forth to Moscow.





The old gray wolf, he knew full well,
Would hear the swift hoofs as they fell;
And his young prince might never tell
How fast he rode to Moscow.

"Sometimes," he to himself did say,
"A serf may dare to disobey."
Then he took horse and sped away,
Along the road to Moscow.

With flying feet, but muffled tread,
With pointed ears and nostrils red,
As fast behind his master sped
Toward the spires of Moscow.



While yet the forest loomed around,
A long howl came across the ground.
“Run, little horse! the wolf has found
The prince rides forth for Moscow!”

The wolf upon the prince's track,
Had never thought of looking back,
Until a rifle's flash and crack
Had stopped his race to Moscow.

The prince's fear was changed to mirth:
He stopped his horse and jumped to
earth;
“Come,” called he to his little serf,
“And go with me to Moscow!”






Jan's Bath

Should you see Jan take his bath
I am sure you'd have to laugh!

'Neath the Russian stove a hole
In the floor is like a bowl;
And here Master Baby goes
Curly head and rosy toes;
Here he sputters, kicks and chokes,
While he steams and steams and soaks.
Then his mother reaches down,
Takes him by his tousled crown;
Pulls him out upon the brim
And pours water over him!
Splash and dash and souse and douse!
Till a little half-drowned mouse
Scampers out, upon all fours,
To the snow bank out of doors,
Where he's rolled and rolled and rolled—
So he will not take a cold.

Tell me, would you stop to laugh
If you had a Russian bath?



CANADA

The sun is bright, the hills are white,
The track is steep and wide,
Come on, my dear, and do not fear,
And we will have a ride.

TAKE THE TOBOGGAN, TAKE THE TOBOGGAN,
TAKE THE TOBOGGAN, AND WE'LL HAVE A RIDE!

When Winter old, in garments cold,
To wrap the earth has tried,
I'd rather play in Canada
Than all the world beside.

TAKE THE TOBOGGAN, TAKE THE TOBOGGAN,
TAKE THE TOBOGGAN, AND WE'LL HAVE A RIDE!

A streak of light will mark our flight,
As down the way we glide.
'Tis jolly fun, so jump and run
And we will have a ride.

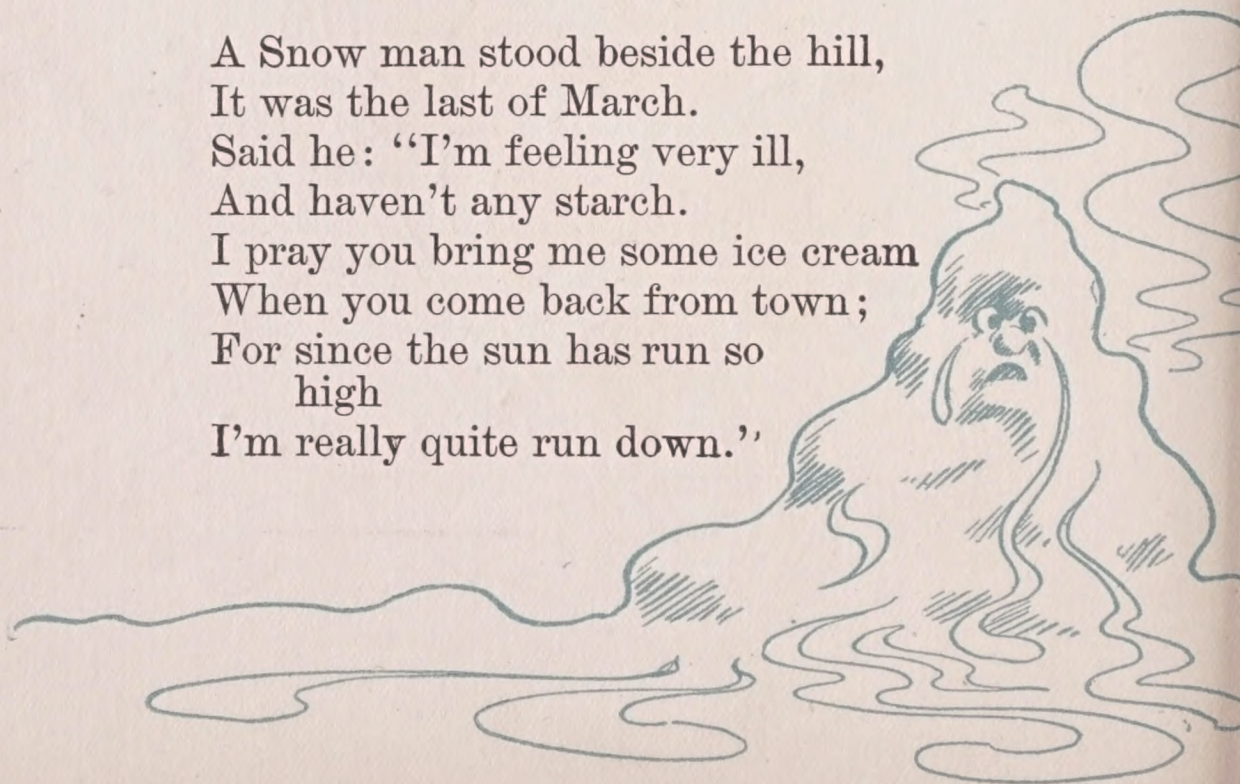
TAKE THE TOBOGGAN, TAKE THE TOBOGGAN,
TAKE THE TOBOGGAN, AND WE'LL HAVE A RIDE!





The Melting Man

A Snow man stood beside the hill,
It was the last of March.
Said he: "I'm feeling very ill,
And haven't any starch.
I pray you bring me some ice cream
When you come back from town;
For since the sun has run so
high
I'm really quite run down."





The Battle in the Snow

A snow fight, a snow fight,
Take sides, if you please.
The balls are like cotton,
But don't let them freeze!

A hero, I'm certain
You've heard the truth oft,
Likes always in battle,
To have the balls soft.

A snow fight, a snow fight,
The war has begun!
A whirr and a flurry,
Oh, isn't it fun?

Each prisoner taken,
We'll drive by the neck
And put in a fortress
Of snow in Quebec.



French Canadian Cradle Song

Ze bateau sleeps beside her mere,
Ze lak, zat ees so steel.
Zar en ze beeg, black woods, ma chere,
I haire ze wheep-poor-weel.

Some leetle chiles mus' go to sleep,
As fas' as fas' she can.
But no beeg bird mus' come to wheep
Ma belle Canadienne!



The True Story of Cinderella

Cinderella and her glory
Make a very pretty story,
But the truth about the matter is
just this:

Rodolphis, a small Egyptian,
Very fair, from her description,
With her red Morocco slippers was
the Miss.

It is told in hieroglyphic,
That she fed a bird terrific,
That was always roosting 'round on
Phar'oh's tomb;
Though all other people feared him,
It is said she quite revered him,
And took bread and butter to him in
his gloom.

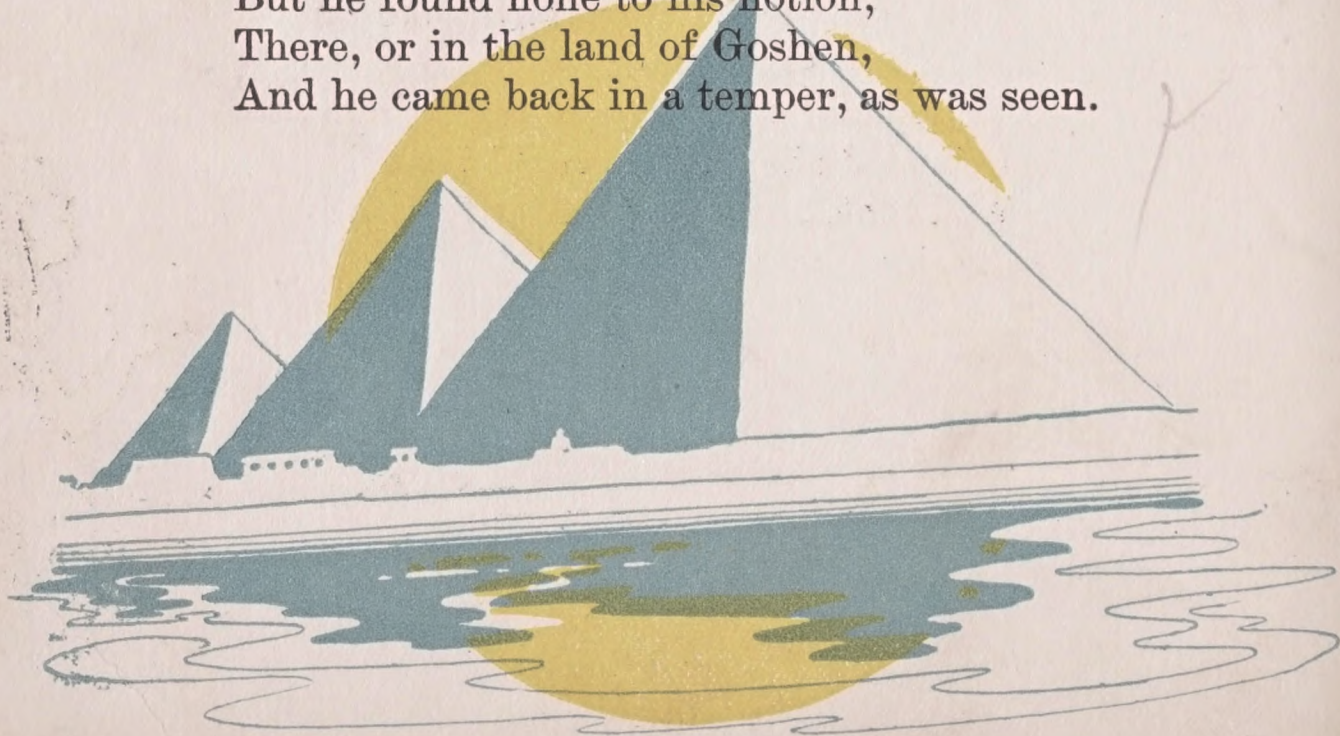


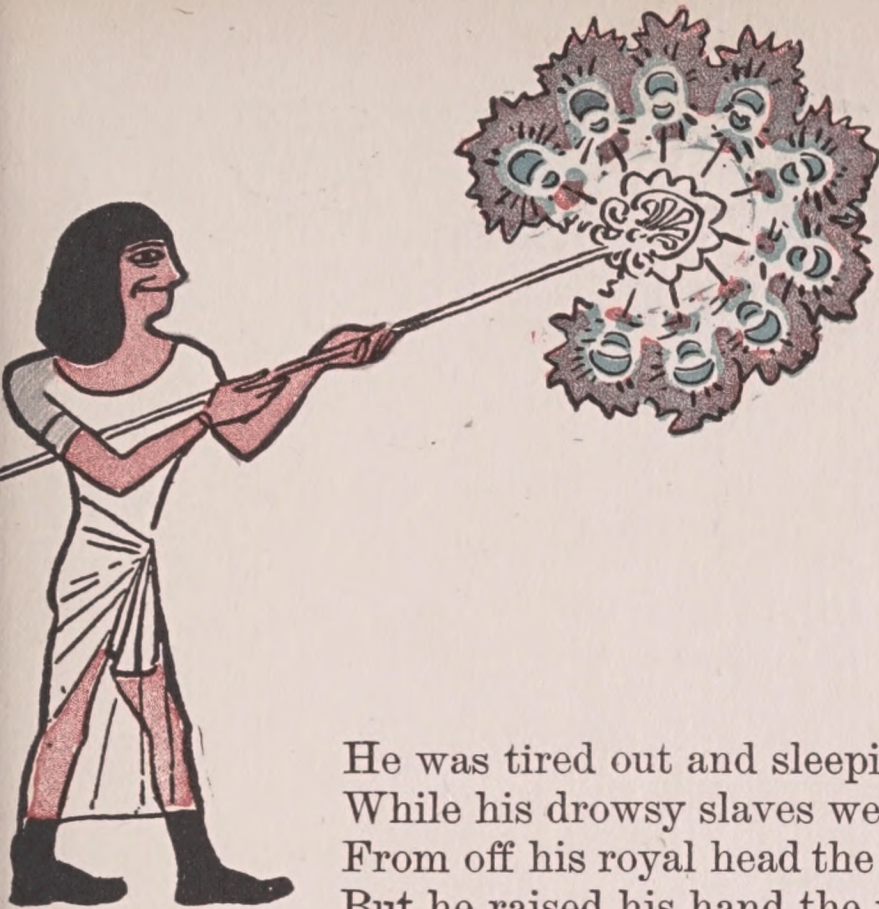


One time, says the ancient reading,
When the Nile was fast receding,
Young Rodolphis, with some others, went to swim,
But, for fear they'd spoil by wetting,
Both her tiny shoes left setting
Like two little scarlet ducks upon the brim.

Then the bird came slowly stalking,
A philosopher out walking,
And he spied the shoes as quick as anything:
Quickly caught one up and straightway,
Flew off through the palace gateway,
Never stopping till he took it to the king.

This young Ptolemy the Second,
As the bird had rightly reckoned,
Had looked up and down the kingdom for a queen:
But he found none to his notion,
There, or in the land of Goshen,
And he came back in a temper, as was seen.





He was tired out and sleeping,
While his drowsy slaves were keeping
From off his royal head the naughty flies.
But he raised his hand the minute
That he felt the slipper in it,
And called out: "Why, bless my
stars!" in great surprise.

Now, then, by my lady Isis,
This brings matters to a crisis!"
And he sprang up with the sandal
in his hand.
"Bring the owner of this slipper,
And I vow by the Big Dipper,
I will make her queen of Egypt's
mighty land."





Then the bird, still undetected,
Found the girl, as he expected,
Ever hunting up and down to find her
shoe:
And her cheeks were red with weeping,
Like two crimson roses peeping
On some early summer morning from the
dew.

Said he: "Wear the one you've found,
dear,
We shall find the mate around here."
And with that, with one shoe off and one
shoe tied,
Forth he coaxed her, limping, crying,
Till the king, her face
espying,
Galloped forth with all his
court to claim his
bride.





HEBREWS

Sandolphon's Roses

The Sabbath firewoman came;
A dusty, bent, old, Gentile dame.

From eve to eve no pious Jew
May fire touch or blaze renew.

And so she laid the burning sticks
And tipped with light the candle wicks:

For two were lit this sacred night
To cast twin shadows through the light.

A sign, as all of Judah know
That angels triumph here below.

His painted lamb young Joseph led
To Sabbath rest beneath his bed.





But as he put away his toys,
And heard the shouts of other
boys,

His little heart beat fast; and Oh,
He longed to break his bonds and go!

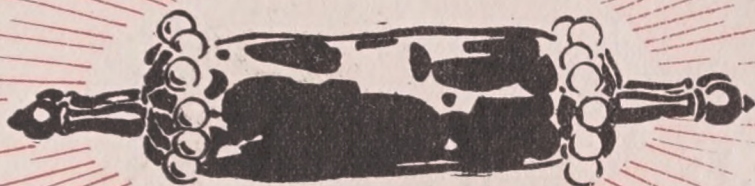
But then he knelt and bent his head
And heard the ancient Talmud read:

How great Sandolphon, angel wise,
Bends down to take the prayers that rise,

And changes them to roses
sweet
To lay before Jehovah's feet.

Next day, at dawn, the boy
arose
And dressed himself in festal
clothes.





"Four corners" on his shoulders laid;
White fringed, of hues that could not fade.

Then, breakfastless he sped away
Toward the synagogue to pray.

There, with rapt eyes, he looked and saw
The parchment of the Holy Law

Edged round with silver bells which rang
As though the list'ning angels sang.

And never more on Sabbath day
Had Joseph any wish to stray;

But ev'ry night when prayers were said
Sandolphon gathered roses red.





Ben and Bath

Ben and Bath ran down the path:
They called to him and sought her.
But who could run like Simon's son
And Levi's little daughter?

A whiskered mouse looked from his
house,
And saw them, without telling;
And on they went where they were sent
To Old Reb Joseph's dwelling.

The house so high 'most reached the sky,
Ben Simon looked and wondered.






“Dear,” said the maid, “I’d feel
afraid
To stay there if it thundered.”

Up they would go: but did not
know
The way or where to ask it.
Till Rabbi Cohn, who lived alone,
Let down to them a basket.

“Just step in, please,” he called,
“with ease
I’ll lift one, then the other.”
Bath took her place with dainty
grace,
And Ben ran home to mother!





Hebrew Mother Song

Ask me no questions with thine eyes,
Little one, little one!
Whence did you come, where must you go?
Oh, stranger soul, dost thou not know?
What can I tell thee, Heaven-wise,
Little son, little son?

The dent of angel finger tip
Little one, little one,
The seal of thy forgetfulness
Of other worlds, we may not guess,
Is still upon thy tender lip
Little son, little son.

The secrets thou mayst not reveal
Little one, little one,
Until the time thy lips are free
And Israel may speak through thee,
When God shall take away the seal.
Little son, little son.

SPAIN



Yes, Mister, Yes

I asked a little Spanish maid
To tread the dance with me.
As with her pretty fan she played,
She smiled: "Si, senor, si."

I looked around. What should I see?
I knew not, I confess.
She saw my doubt, and said in glee:
"That means, 'Yes, mister, yes'."

'Tis easy, as you will agree,
A Spanish word to guess.
You spell it "si" and call it "see,"
And mean: "Yes, mister, yes."





Baby Bella Dancing

With castanets and tamborine,
And dark eyes gaily glancing,
The fairest sight in Spain, I ween,
Is Isabella dancing.

To watch her twinkling, slippered
feet,
Is surely quite entrancing;
With step so light and bow so sweet,
Is Baby Bella dancing.

In petticoat of yellow gauze
And scarlet sash advancing,
I cannot look away because
My little girl is dancing.

A scarf of lace is on her head,
Her roguish smile enhancing;
I'd let her have my heart, instead
Of common floors for dancing!



The Matador

The little cow with crumpled horn
Was lunching on the lawn,
When forth, upon his hobbyhorse,
Came riding Senor Juan.

“Oh, I’m a Matador,” he cried,
“The bravest one in Spain;
For when I fall I do not cry,
But jump right up again.”





“I’ll ride up to that bossy now
And scare her so she’ll run,
And shake my spear and scarlet cape,
And chase her just for fun.”

The little cow with crumpled horn
Was standing lost in thought,
And did not know, until he came,
That she was to be fought.

“Look out old brindle boss,” he cried
“I ride to fight with you!”

And then she turned and looked around,
And gave a long, long "moo."

So dreadful was the sound, the horse
Reared high and ran with speed,
And left Don Juan upon the ground
In sorry plight indeed.

His scarlet cape was in the dust
His hat was in the mud,
But while he sobbed the little cow
Serenely chewed her cud.



GREECE

The Little Workers

Milk white oxen yoked with roses
Draw his cart of fruit and posies
And the wheels go creak-a-creak.
Dew wet, purple grapes he's bringing,
And from far you hear the singing
Of the merry little Greek:

"Olives, olives, oil and wine,
Fruit of shrub and tree and vine."



This young market man is seven ;
But his sister is eleven.
She keeps house and sews and weaves ;
And the small ones hear her saying,
While with dolls and hoops they're playing,
In the door yard, in the leaves :

“Needle, needle, glance and shine,
Clothe these brothers dear, of mine.”





The Torch Race

Look! They come, they come, they **come**,
Running 'round the Stadium!
Little girls all dressed in white,
Bearing, each, a torch of light.
Goal and prize are but for one:
Run, O little maidens, run!

Swiftly, lightly, on they go
While the torches blaze and glow.
Like dark banners in the air,
Wildly stream their shining hair.
Goal and prize are but for one:
Run, O little maidens, run!


Like a flock of doves they fly;
Like a white cloud blowing by:
She who lays her torch, aflame,
On the goal will win the game.
Goal and prize are but for one:
Run, O little maidens, run!





The Kid From Hymettus

“We’ll come,” said a kid from Hymettus,
“And play with the rest, if you’ll let us.
We’ll feel just as blue
As our mountains, if you
And the Kids of all Colors forget us!”



SOUTH AMERICA

An Inca of Peru

A little girl, down in Peru,
Was very proud and vain,
Because her ancestors, she knew,
Were princes whom Pizarro slew,
When he came down from Spain.

The Incas were the kings, you know,
Descended from the sun:
Or, so they thought, long, long ago,
Before the dreadful overthrow
By Spanish hands begun.

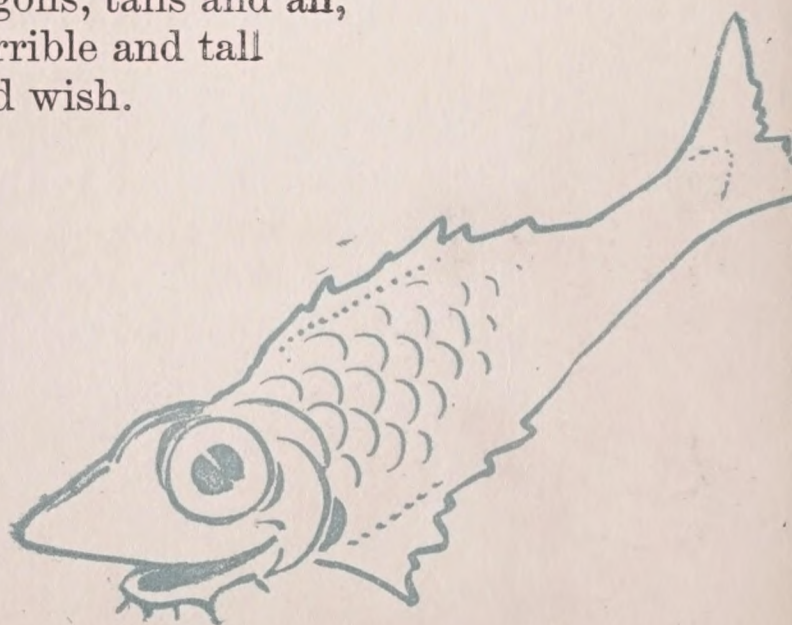
Some people understood her well;
But others seemed to think
That she had really meant to tell,
Down in that land where Incas dwell,
That she was made of ink!





She lived upon a mountain high,
Where once the sea had swept.
And you would laugh, if you could spy,
When e'er you'd ride your burro by,
The toys she found and kept.

A funny fossil was her doll;
It once had been a fish.
And she had dragons, tails and all,
And monsters terrible and tall
As many as you'd wish.



This happy little Inca girl,
Who was not made of ink.
Had bouncing balls of solid pearl;
And all the jumping ropes she'd whirl
Were strings of coral, pink.

Whene'er she wanted to invite
Her little friends to tea,
She'd give them sweets on shells so white,
And never washed a dish at night,
But threw them in the sea!



TURKEY



The Pasha Zad

A Turkish lad, the pasha zad,
Knew nought of Greek or Latin;
But he could play around all day,
In trousers, blue, of satin.

About his waist was tied with taste,
A sash to hold his dagger;
And while in school in gay Stamboul,
He learned to brag and swagger.

A fez of red was on his head,
But where the girls were flocking,
His hat so soft he never doffed—
Were not his manners shocking?





Fatima Shopping

Fatima went to buy a doll
Of one old turbaned Turk,
Who kept a funny little stall,
But never kept a clerk.
And there she saw such splendid things,
Such masks and shoes and beasts,
And rolling hoops and kites and rings,
She gazed and could not cease.
And then a strange, strange thing befell,
It almost makes me smile:
What she had wished she could not tell,
So bought a crocodile.



When Greek Meets Turk


If you were a little Greek,
And I were a little Turk,
I'd have a scolloped scimeter
And you would have a dirk;
We'd never play, but fight all day.
And never, never work;
If you were just a little Greek,
And I a little Turk.

PHILIPPINES



In the Tree Top

A little brown baby of Guam
Was swung on the bough of a palm;
But the wind rocked him high
And he managed to cry:
"Stop! Stop! For this gives me a qualm."



Silly Miss Goo Lee

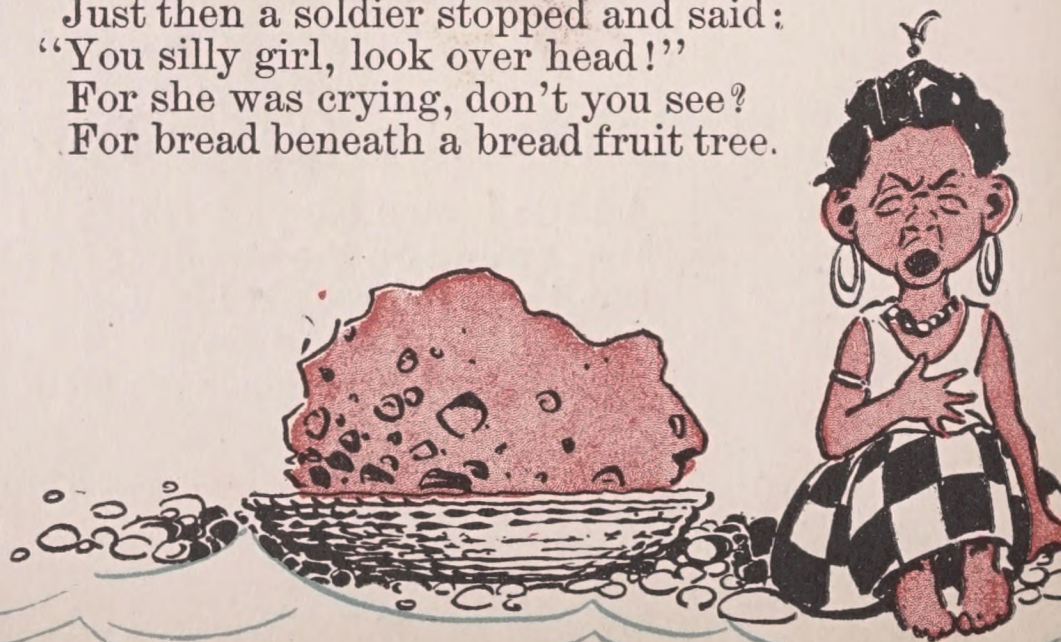
Miss Goo Lee, of the Philippines,
Turned up her nose at pork and beans.
Indeed she very often said
That she could eat no food but bread.

But sad, indeed, that it was so,
She had no yeast, she had no dough.
Or stove of iron, stone or tin,
Or any thing to cook things in.

Still, with the flower in her hand,
A very fine and fragrant brand,
Into the sea she took a plunge,
Then proudly came and set a sponge.

Miss Goo Lee, of Manila's isle,
Sat down and watched a long, long while:
But when it did not rise, she sighed,
And being very hungry, cried.

Just then a soldier stopped and said:
"You silly girl, look over head!"
For she was crying, don't you see?
For bread beneath a bread fruit tree.





Filipino Slumber Song

O, pigeon of the forest,
Fold close thy weary wings;
Thy nest is ready for thee,
Thy mother waits and sings:
PALOMA HA-LUM'-TANO,
Thy mother croons and sings.

The nonak and kilulu,
Their great green branches wave;
Before thee wait the waters
Thy tender feet to lave.
PALOMA HA-LUM'-TANO,
Thy tender feet to lave.

The little flying foxes
Are in the leaves asleep:
The bronze and azure lizards
With padded toes now creep:
PALOMA HA-LUM'-TANO,
O, cooing wood dove, sleep!



UNITED STATES

The Awkward Squad

The awkward squad fell into line
And marched with steps unsteady,
To learn the manual of arms
From brave Lieutenant Teddy.

“Attention!” called the officer
In tones as loud as thunder,
And little Billee Stumbleheels
His broom stick dropped in wonder.

“Advance! Right face! and eyes to front!
And never mind the weather.
Put down your hands, hold back your
chins,
And click your heels together.”



Now shoulder arms! Don't be so slow,
Just when I speak begin it.
Now Billee Stumbleheels, you pick
Your rifle up, this minute!

"Present arms, now, I guess that's next.
Right shoulder shift and carry!"
"I think we'll take the prize for drill,"
Said Color-sergeant Harry.

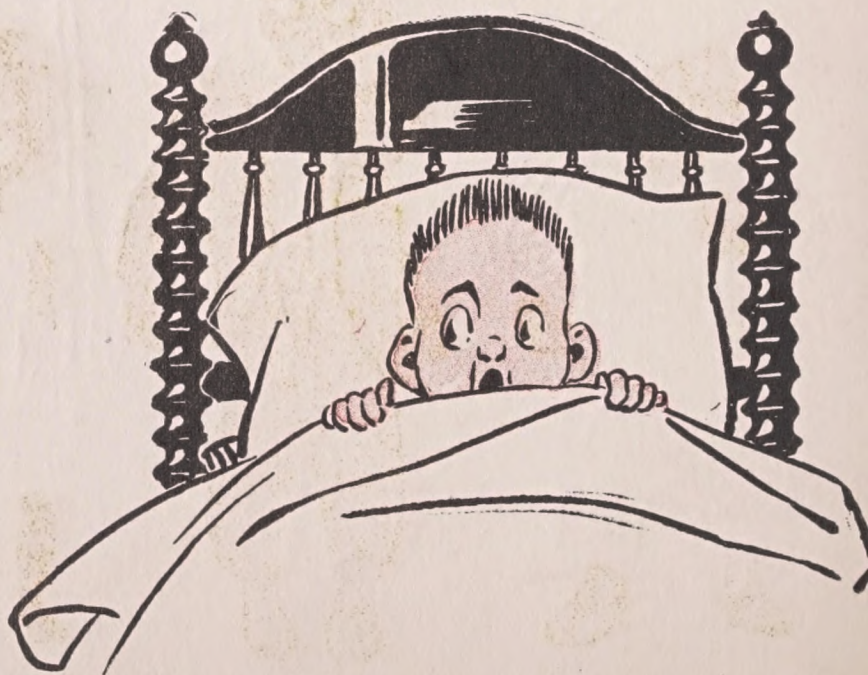
Then Teddy gave a fearful frown,
And raised his voice up higher,
And all the soldiers shook to hear:
"Now ready! aim, and fire!"





Jock o' Lantern

Jock o' Lantern never scares
Me by coming up the stairs
When I'm snug in bed.
He don't know enough, 'tis plain,
To come in out of the rain,
He's a pumpkin head!





Slumber Song

Two little hands may patacake, patacake,
Two baby eyes with laughter glow.
Two little hands may soothe an ache, soothe
 an ache,
Brooding deep in a heart I know.

Never a rose as sweet as this, sweet as this,
In all the garden here can grow.
Naught in a breast can be much amiss, much
 amiss,
Under the cheek that nestles so.



Under the Tamarack Trees

A cotton doll, a cornhusk doll,
And a lovely doll of wax,
And two had hair of cornsilk fine,
And one had curls of flax,
 But all the three
 Sat down to tea
Beneath the tamaracks.

Three little girls were there beside
To keep them all polite,
And one was black and one was red
And one was fair and white
 And each of these
 Said "thanks" and "please"
And held their forks quite right.



The cotton doll was very droll,
She could not laugh or blink,
The corn husk rustled all the while,
Which was not nice, I think.

In melting mood
But never rude
Was little Waxy Pink.



The Mechanical Pug

The mechanical pug,
By the playroom rug,
Was very, very cross.
Though he'd run all right,
If he wished to bite
He felt quite at a loss.

But to be the toy
Of a naughty boy
Was really too much grief.
When the Yankee, cute,
Who designed the brute,
Had given him no teeth.



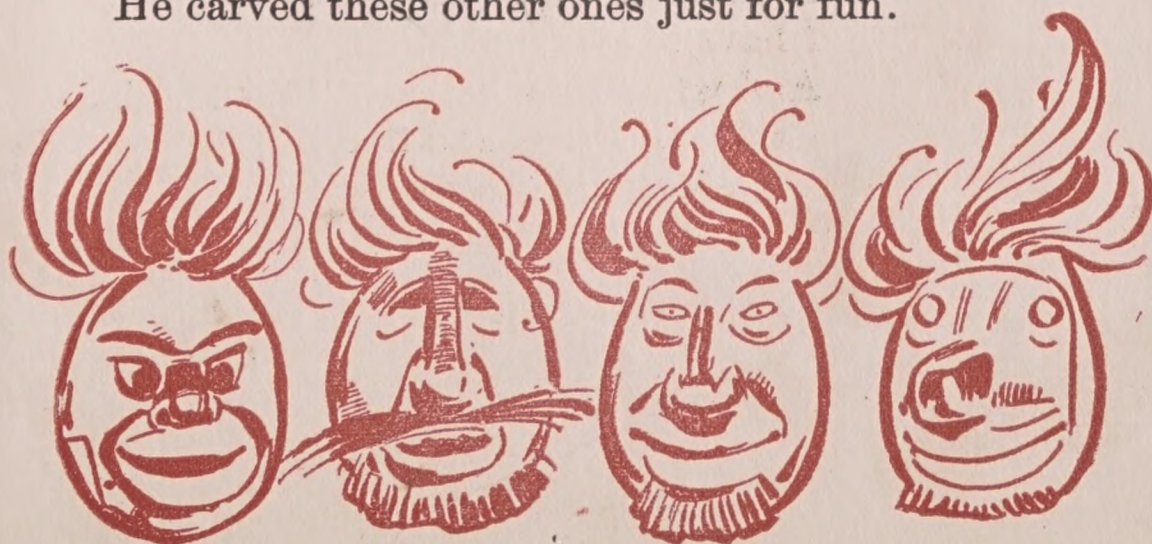


The Comical Cocoanut

A comical cocoanut grew on a tree,
Down South in a lonesome nook;
"I feel so funny inside," said he,
"That funny I ought to look."
And then for a joke he tumbled down
And cracked a traveler on the crown.

The comical cocoanut met his match,
(A similar cocoanut,)
Except with a different kind of thatch,
And face that was clearly cut.
"Oho," said the Nut, "You are my ideal;
You look as comical as I feel."

Then the Yankee took the palm tree elf,
And sat in a shady place:
"I'll give you a humorous phiz, yourself,"
He said as he carved its face.
And when he had finished the drollest one,
He carved these other ones just for fun.





“I Spy”


I like the game “I spy,”
Except the time I’m “It,”
And then I feel so tired
It isn’t fun, a bit.
It makes us feel so nervous
To stand up in a row,
And see which one will get it
In “Enee-meene-mo.”

If I’m the last she touches,
I have to stay and blind,
And when they halloo: “Ready!”
Each one I seek and find.

But some are in the orchard,
And some in bush or hole.
And while I'm hunting for them
Some other steals the goal.

I have to count a hundred
Before I dare to see
Which way the others scamper,
To house or barn or tree.
And I feel just so tired
I don't know where to go;
But stand up to be counted
With "Enee, meenee, mo."





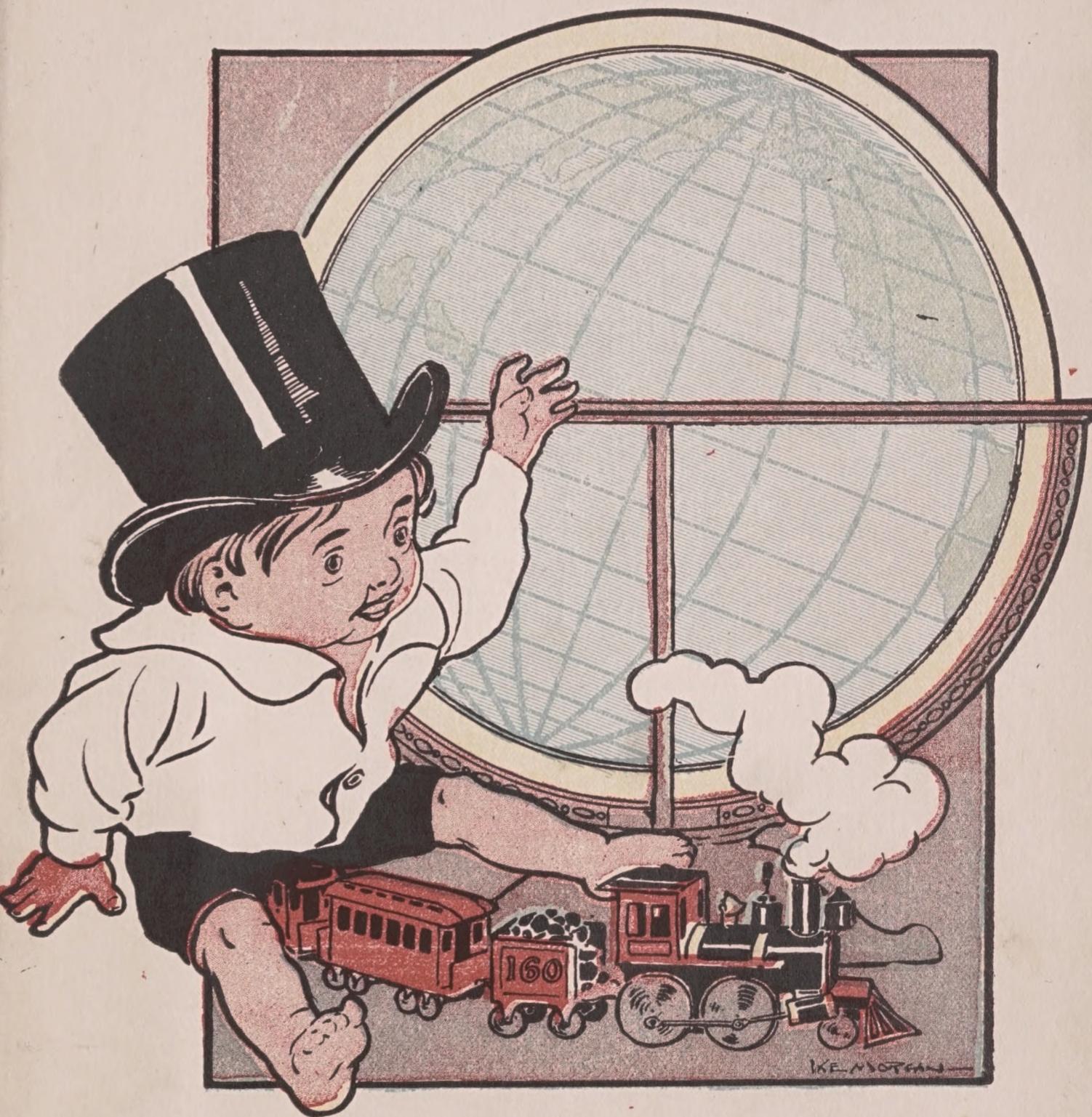
A Trip Around the World

“Toot, toot, too-too!” The whistle blows,
The train is at the station.
This is the day that Johnnie goes
To visit ev’ry nation.

It will not take him ninety days,
But only just a minute,
To make the trip, and so he says
He thinks he’d best begin it.

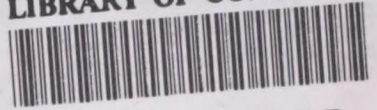
The study globe is on the floor,
The choo-choo cars are able
To go around the world before
His supper’s on the table.

“Toot, toot, too-too!” Now all aboard
For European travel!
This train can cross the sea and ford
As well as run on gravel.





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